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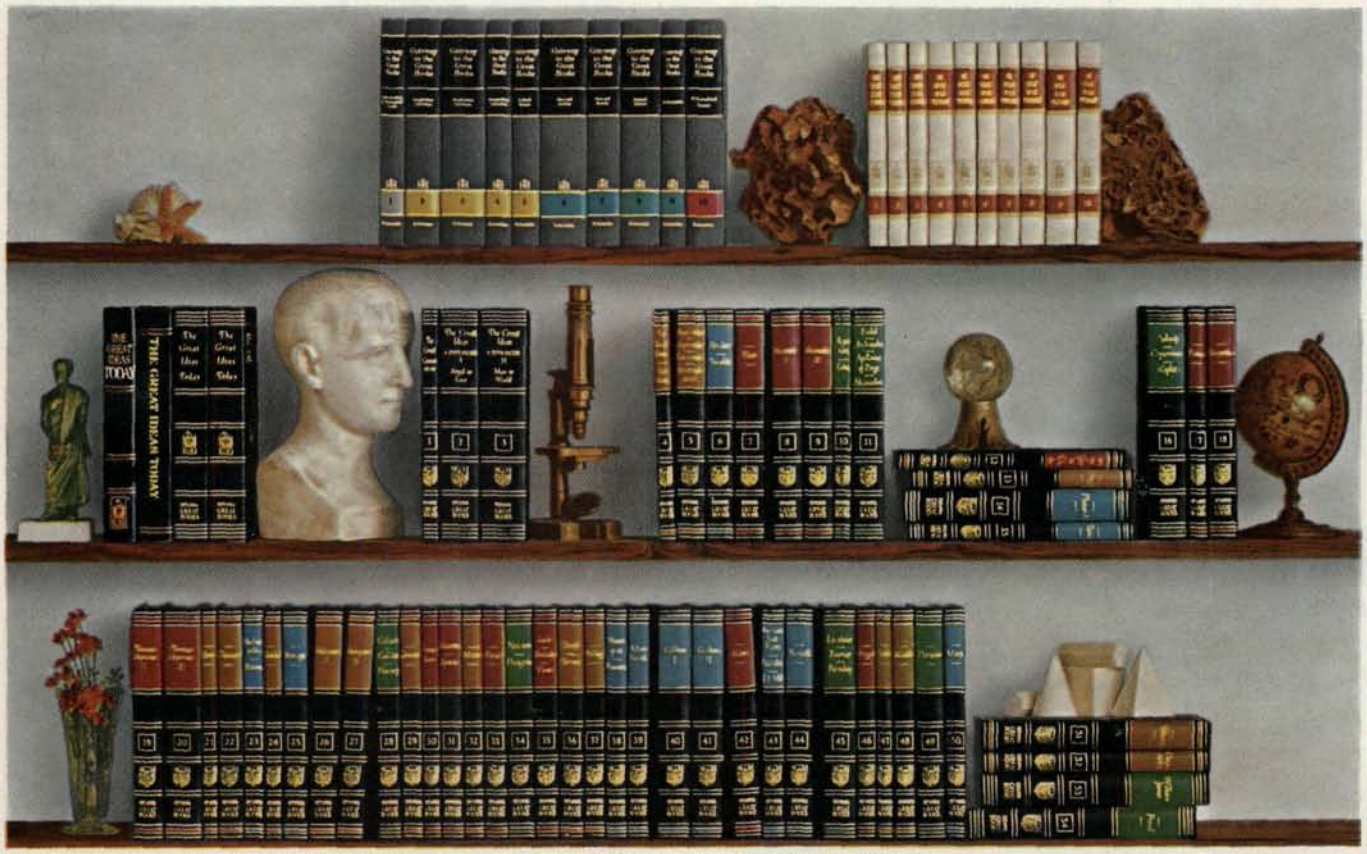

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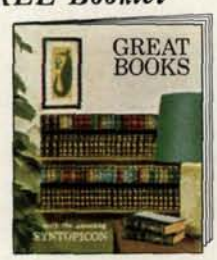

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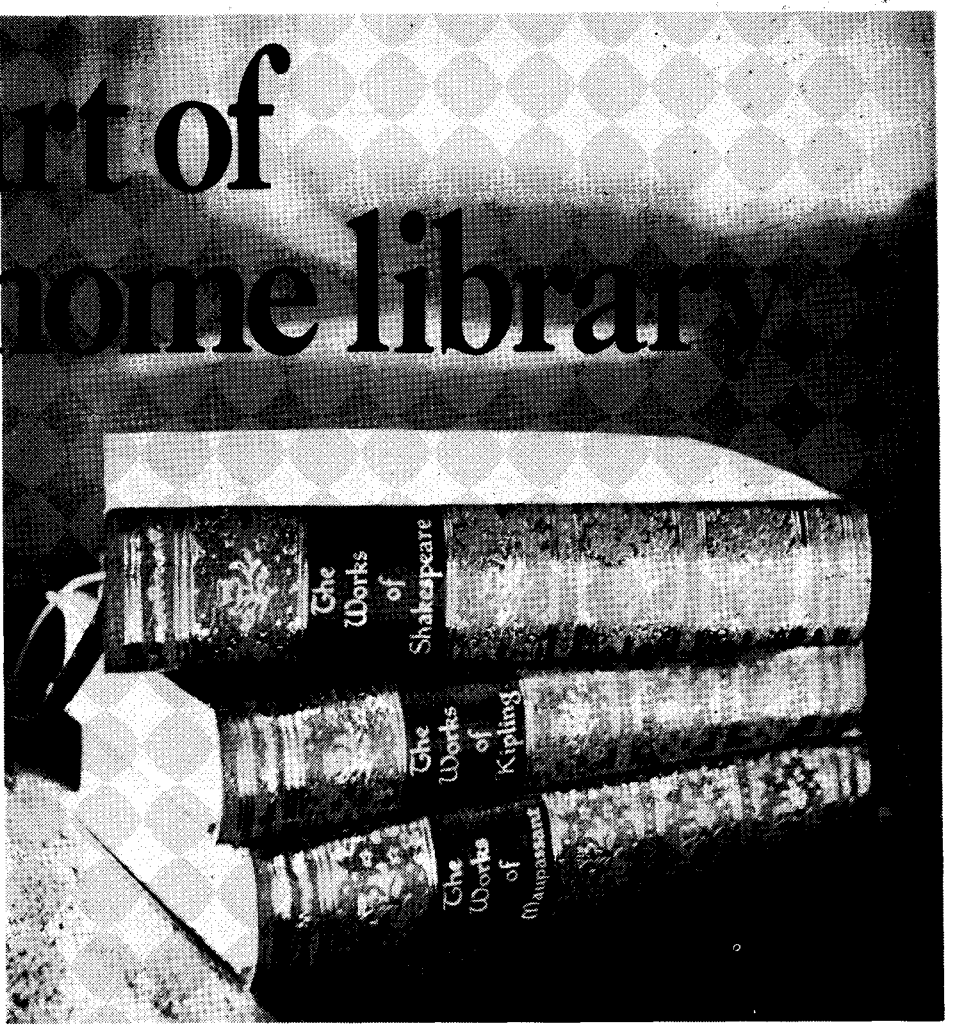

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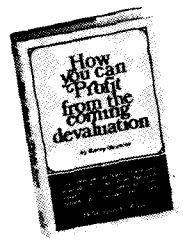

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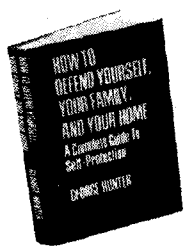

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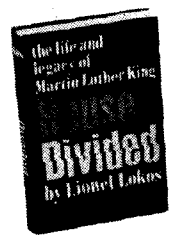

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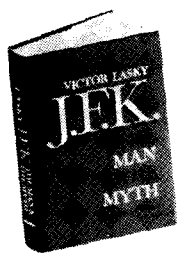

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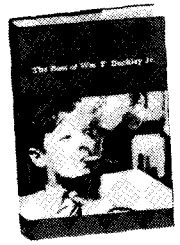

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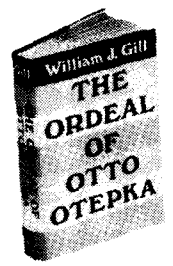

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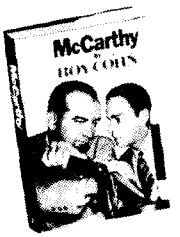

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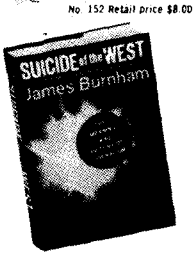

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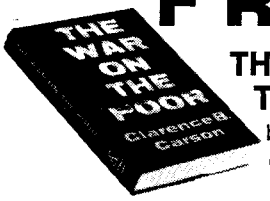

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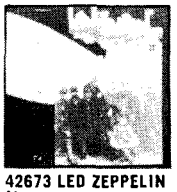

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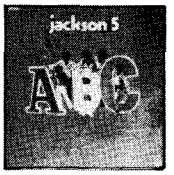

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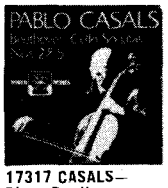

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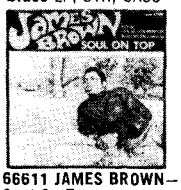

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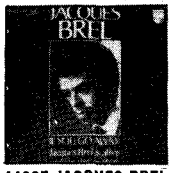

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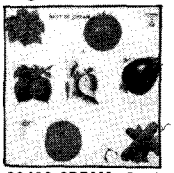

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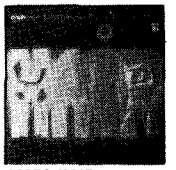

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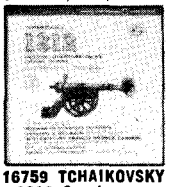

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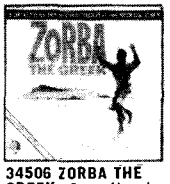


34506 ZORBA THE GREEK—Soundtrack
TwCen LP, 8TR, CASS

33065 JOAN BAEZ—
David's Album
Vangu LP, 8TR, CASS

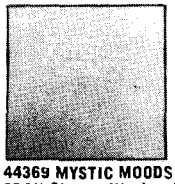
30606 TEMPTATIONS
Psychedelic Shack
Gordy LP, 8TR, CASS

33078 WEAVERS—
On Tour
Vangu LP, 8TR, CASS

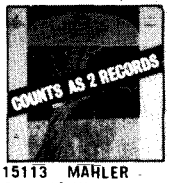
42715 BEST OF MJQ
Atlan LP, 8TR, CASS

33083 COUNTRY JOE & FISH—CJ Fish
Vangu LP, 8TR, CASS

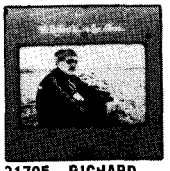
66546 RARE EARTH—
Get Ready
RarEa LP, 8TR, CASS



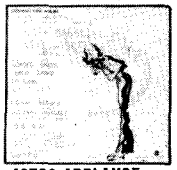
44369 MYSTIC MOODS ORCH. Stormy Weekend
Phili LP, 8TR, CASS



15113 MAHLER
Sym #3 Utah Sym
Vangu LP (2 records)



31795 RICHARD HARRIS—Love Album
Dunhi LP, 8TR, CASS

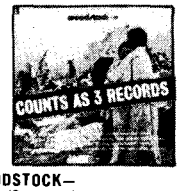


48782 APPLAUSE
—Original Cast
ABC LP, 8TR, CASS

33487 BEST OF BEE GEES
Atco LP, 8TR, CASS

WOODSTOCK

Original Movie Soundtrack includes uncut music, stage announcements and live performances from the Music Event of the Year.



42745 WOODSTOCK—
Soundtrack (3 records)
Cotil LP

33443 IRON BUTTERFLY—In A Gadda-Da-Vida
Atco LP, 8TR, CASS

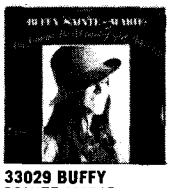
17008 HANDEL—
Messiah (3 records)
Phili LP

17042 BEETHOVEN:
Piano Sonatas
Richter **Phil** LP

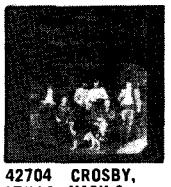
43793 SPANKY AND OUR GANG—Greatest Hits
Mercu LP, 8TR, CASS

30609 SUPREMES—
Right On
Motow LP, 8TR, CASS

17064 MOZART: Sym Nos. 25, 29, 32—
Lon. Sym, Davis
Phil LP



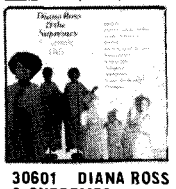
33029 BUFFY SAINTE-MARIE
—Gonna Be A Country Girl Again
Vangu LP, 8TR, CASS



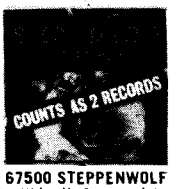
42704 CROSBY, STILLS, NASH & YOUNG—Deja Vu
Atlan LP, 8TR, CASS

44195 FOUR SEASONS
Gold Vault of Hits
Phili LP, 8TR, CASS

31973 JOHN COLTRANE
—Selflessness
Impul LP



30601 DIANA ROSS & SUPREMES—
Greatest Hits 3
Motow LP, 8TR, CASS



67500 STEPPENWOLF
—"Live" (2 records)
Dunhi LP

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Barbra Streisand—Greatest Hits	Col	5.98	**2.99**
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We're the largest all-label record and tape club in the world. Choose any LP or tape (cartridges and cassettes) . . . on any label . . . including new releases. No exceptions! Take as many, or as few, or no selections at all if you so decide. Discounts are GUARANTEED AS HIGH AS 79% OFF! You always save at least 33⅓%. You never pay full-price! You get bestsellers for as low as 99¢, plus a small handling and mailing charge.

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☐ ☐ ☐

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I enclose $_____ covering my $5.00 lifetime membership and any gift memberships at $2.50 each.

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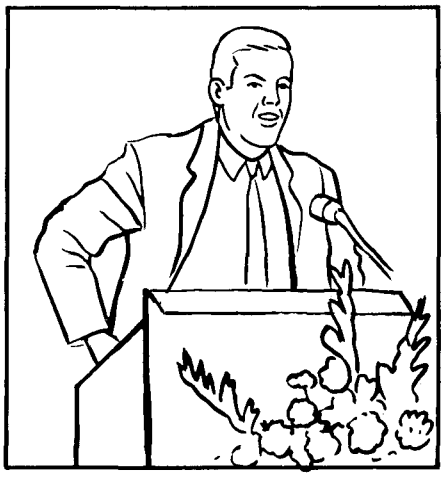

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NATIONAL REVIEW

VOL. XXII NO. 33 AUGUST 25, 1970

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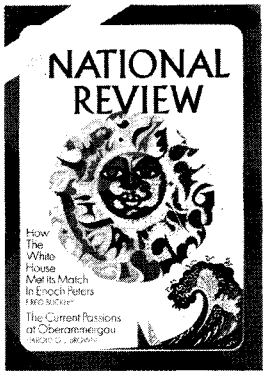
IN THIS ISSUE

■ We first printed "The Revolt of Enoch Peters" in 1960. A decade has passed, the economic Ferris wheel has spun full circle, and in 1970 we find ourselves back close to the bottom again. Because so many long-time *NR* readers have pointed out to us that **F. Reid Buckley**'s piece seems as timely in 1970 as it did ten years ago, we reprint it in this issue. Mr. Buckley lives in Spain, where he writes movie scenarios and is at work on his second novel. The first, *Eye of the Hurricane,* was published by Doubleday in 1967. In October he will undertake his annual coast-to-coast lecture-debate tour of the U.S. Among his talks: "Aristotle Didn't Swing"; "The Celluloid Trip"; "The Inheritance of Franco, Salazar, de Gaulle." . . . **Vincent S. Baker** maps the road the Republican Party must travel if it is to win the support of American Negroes. Mr. Baker, himself a Negro, is president of Baker Enterprises and of Sterling Artists, both businesses engaged in making films and records of Negro life and history. At present he serves as parliamentarian for the New York branch of the NAACP and the Manhattan Republican Club. Mr. Baker has worked as staff writer for *New York Amsterdam News, New York Age* and the *New York Courier.* . . . In his first *NR* appearance, **John Phillips** discusses the future of Rhodesia. Mr. Phillips, who just returned from a visit to that country, is editor of *Farm and Country,* a mass circulation farm business tabloid published in Toronto. . . . **John Kirwan,** who shows us Juarez like it is, is a mountain climber, soccer player and science-fiction writer. . . . **Harold O. J. Brown**, an ordained Congregational minister who makes his home in Switzerland, corrects some of the misconceptions that threaten the Passion Play at Oberammergau. . . . **Erik v. Kuehnelt-Leddihn,** revving up for his American lecture tour, explains Soviet strategy in the Mediterranean. . . . **Colm Brogan**, at eighty as energetic as ever, favors us with some fascinating memories of the Bloomsbury group.



■ **Will Herberg**, Graduate Professor of Philosophy and Culture at Drew University, reviews Max Geltman's important study of the confrontation between Negro and Jew. Mr. Herberg, who recently learned Arabic in order to teach a graduate seminar in Islamic studies, is at work on a revised edition of his classic, *Protestant, Catholic, Jew: An Essay on American Religious Sociology.* . . . **Guy Davenport** contributes a dazzling collection of fiction reviews, among them a well-done for the latest by *NR*'s too long silent Joan Didion. . . . **S. L. A. Marshall** is considered by many to be America's foremost military historian. . . . **Francis Russell** suffers through a miserable movie, while **Priscilla Buckley** applauds a splendid musical.

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LETTERS

Grouse

If there is one thing the conservative movement really needs, I was saying to myself just the other day, it is an attack by NATIONAL REVIEW on Kevin Phillips. Amazingly, I opened your July 14 issue to find you had anticipated my inspiration. Please accept my congratulations for your courageous, anonymous editorial comparing Kevin Phillips with Karl Marx. This is the kind of thoughtful, responsible journalism we conservatives can be proud of. I especially liked the part where, when you were exposing Phillips' Marxist tendencies, you were careful to mention that Garry Wills was "Aristotelian"—you weren't thrown off by his surface hostility to conservatives. This is just the kind of pull-together, two-feet-on-the-ground reporting we need more of. Dare we hope that you are finally wising up to those two fellow-traveling agents of the Phillips' line, Agnew and Mitchell?

New York, N.Y. NEAL FREEMAN

Our friend and associate Mr. Freeman, who syndicates Mr. Phillips' column, will perhaps be pleased to know that so far as we can tell, he is the only reader who misunderstood the editorial. Kevin Phillips and Karl Marx can be "compared" in some revealing ways, provided the circumstances are meditative, rather than demagogic or flackish. Our courageous, anonymous editorial writer, who didn't apply his anonymity merely in order to antagonize Mr. Freeman—and presumably not his courage —merely pointed out that in some of Mr. Phillips' writing there is some of the mechanistic suggestiveness which of course one finds in Marx. That is not to "attack" Phillips, any more than it would be to "attack" Hubert Humphrey to note that, like Marx, he is a historical optimist. And who said it is necessarily a compliment to say of someone that he uses the Aristotelian mode? Marx did. Cheer up, Freeman, or we'll compare you to Marx, who also had his grumpy days. —ED.

Beware the Wobblies

I get alarmed sometimes by the fear of the one big conspiracy that some of the old Wobblies used as a justification for their one big union. I especially become alarmed when I read Friedrich Engels in a conservative paraphrase—such as that presented by Gerhart Niemeyer ["The Homesickness of the New Left," July 28].

Mr. Niemeyer's closing paragraph, which sums up the article rather well, warns readers that "our intellectual and moral anarchy may well end in a scene strewn with corpses." This is, of course, Engels' prediction for capitalism which he fondly called—over and over again—"the anarchy of production." Engels condemned capitalist-anarchy to inevitable doom by a law of nature which he compared to planets being sucked into the sun, an analogy which was also popular with Horbiger and the Nazis during the Thirties.

Now the question is: What does Mr. Niemeyer propose? A Platonist cabal of intellectuals and moralists? A new Saint-Simonian church?

It should be clear by now that freedom to choose is available only to those who have something to choose from. Mr. Niemeyer obviously fails to grasp this.

San Antonio, Tex. J. F. C. MOORE

I take vehement issue with the remark of Professor Niemeyer: "He who pronounces such global judgments, denouncing an entire society rather than particular actions, can only speak from Beyond Good and Evil, which position provides a metaphysical warranty of his innocence." By the presence of upper case letters for Beyond Good and Evil I assume that the author is making reference to the book of Nietzsche of the same title. It is this allusion to which I take exception. The title *Beyond Good and Evil* signifies the exact opposite of its assumed meaning in the Professor's allusion. It means beyond the petty practice of arbitrarily assigning the adjective good or evil. It is not Above Good and Evil which would better suit the above quote. It is beyond the simple black and white world of absolute good and evil. This concept is an underlying theme of all Nietzsche's works. Nietzsche believes that life is too complex and varied for "global judgments."

Secondly Dr. Niemeyer states that Nietzsche is a drawing point for the radicals but does not state Nietzsche's position which I feel would be relevant. The radicals are Nietzsche's "worst readers." He defines them as ". . . plundering soldiers; they pick up a few things they can use, soil and confuse the rest, and blaspheme the whole."

These references excepted, I found the article interesting and thought-provoking.

Pittsburgh, Pa. MARTIN FOGEL

A Goodell Scorned

Senator Charles Goodell did *not* receive an honorary degree from Finch College, as reported in your June 30 issue. He *did* deliver the Finch College Commencement Address on June 9, 1970.

New York, N.Y. PHYLLIS MICHELFELDER

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FOR THE RECORD

■ It will come as a shock, Republican showing in the House come Nov. 3. Reason? Administration has persuaded so many young capable conservative congressmen to run for Senate. They include: **George Bush**, Texas, **Robert Taft**, Ohio, **Richard Roudebush**, Indiana, **William Brock**, Tennessee, **John Wold**, Wyoming, **Clark McGregor**, Minnesota, **Larry Burton**, Utah and **William Cramer**, Florida. (Cramer is in hot Republican primary fight with **Harrold Carswell**.) Prime GOP targets are Senators **Hartke** (Indiana), **Gore** (Tennessee), **Moss** (Utah), **McGee** (Wyoming). . . . Maryland race which had seemed sure thing for Democrats (**Joseph Tydings** is the incumbent) less sure now because of entry into the race of perennial candidate **George** (Moola) **Mahoney** and Tydings' sponsorship of controversial D.C. Crime Bill. **Edmund Muskie's** office has now announced that Muskie will make at least one campaign appearance for Tydings in October. . . . Tydings' opponent is yet another Republican congressman, **Glenn Beall**; his father was the incumbent last time out. . . . Democrats encouraged by latest Quayle poll which shows Representative **John Tunney** now running a shade ahead of **George Murphy**. . . . Democratic peaceniks out to get Senator **Henry Jackson**—a staunch Administration supporter on Vietnam and defense matters—enlisted support of **Eugene McCarthy** last week. McCarthy now says he'll campaign for Jackson's opponent **Carl Maxey**. Jackson's voting record, incidentally is: COPE, 99 per cent; ACA, 8 per cent.

■ Bad month for the Bad Guys: Chicago Seven attorney **William Kunstler** has asked permission of judge to leave the country in order to stand trial on assault charge in Toronto. He's appealing a contempt conviction in Chicago. . . . **César Chavez**' son **Fernando** indicted in Fresno on charges of draft evasion. . . . Canada has banned importation of Black Panther Party newspaper as "seditious material." . . . Liberation News Service, which supplies much of the left-wing and underground press with smarmy news, announces it's in trouble financially. . . . And **John Mitchell** has asked the Subversive Activities Control Board to designate the Young Workers Liberation League and the Center for Marxist Education as Communist front organizations. This is the first time the SACB has been asked to take such action since the W. E. B. DuBois Clubs were classified as fronts a half-dozen years ago.

Donato, *Windsor Star*, Canada Ben Roth Agency

■ Cullings from reports: The President's commission on pornography discloses that "liberals" are more easily aroused by dirty picture books and movies than are "conservatives." How's that again? . . . Latest marijuana survey shows that young people from wealthy families are the biggest users of pot. . . . A New York City medical report indicates that in the 15-35 age group narcotics account for more deaths than the other major killers: accidents, homicides, suicides and cancer. . . . A British poll shows that 78 per cent of the teenagers there don't want marijuana legalized. . . . Article on the dangers of carrying dope while traveling abroad in *Washington Post* Aug. 9, concludes: "For the pothead—and for the occasional smoker—the U.S. is still the safest country in the world."

■ Sources in Cambridge say **John W. Gardner** has inside track to succeed **Nathan Pusey** as President of Harvard with (wait till **John Kenneth Galbraith** hears this) **S. I. Hayakawa** next in line. . . . Ten per cent of the colleges and universities in the State College Association still are without presidents in early August. . . . Campus cops at Victoria, British Columbia meeting, urged to take videopictures of student rioters so that they can be identified and arrested afterwards in a "non-emotional atmosphere."

■ New York's Finest cringing at rumors that both **Kosygin** and **Fidel Castro** may attend Sept. 15 session of United Nations General Assembly. . . . Kind of gift we'd just as soon not receive, thank you: former Bolivian Interior Minister **Antonio Arguedas**, now in exile in Cuba, has presented Castro with **Che Guevara**'s embalmed hands. Castro intends to build a mausoleum in Havana to house them. . . . *Le Monde* points out that it is strange that when Bolivian guerrillas took hostages recently and demanded the release of ten political prisoners, **Régis Debray**'s name was not on that list. Debray is believed by many to have betrayed Che Guevara—which would account for his ommision from that list.

■ Emily Post, move over: **Women's Lib** reports that it is working on "a book of etiquette for the liberated woman."

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THE WEEK

■ Our file on Making Government Work runneth over, and although none of the following suggestions carries a double-your-freedom-back guarantee, utopias have been founded on less. 1) Rethink women's suffrage. 2) In capital cases, try the victims as well as the suspects; maybe they had it coming. 3) Simplify the fantastically cumbersome penal codes, providing for all felonies, first offense: death; second offense: ninety days; three-time losers: 25 cents fine and forfeiture of jail privileges. 4) Legislation Retirement Program: legislative surpluses having reached critical proportions, Members of Congress should be paid a bounty for every law they do not pass, at 90 per cent of parity. 5) Its moral bankruptcy being duly certified, the liberal Establishment should be placed in receivership and demoralized.

■ On the subject of crime, Chief Justice Warren E. Burger in his State of the Judiciary address to the American Bar Association recalled that in 1906, Dean Roscoe Pound had predicted to the ABA convention that nineteenth-century judicial methods and machinery would be insufficient for the twentieth century. Justice Burger noted that the annual budget of the federal judiciary was a mere $128 million—$70 million less than the cost of a single C-5A aircraft—indicating our failure to heed Dean Pound's admonitions. The main problem, said Justice Burger, is the evolution of new kinds of cases resulting from new federal laws and court decisions. Consider, in the latter category, the newly propounded rights of criminal defendants (remember *Mapp*, *Escobedo*, *Miranda*, *Mallory*, *Gideon*). Because of new procedural safeguards, a criminal trial now takes twice as long as it did in 1960. As Burger put it: "These changes represent a deliberate commitment—some by judicial decision and some by legislation—to values higher than pure efficiency when we are dealing with human liberty." As for the part these changes play in the rising crime rate, Burger offers an interesting suggestion: "The most simple and the most obvious remedy is to give the courts the manpower and tools—including the prosecutors and defense lawyers—to try criminal cases within sixty days after indictment and let us see what happens. I predict it would sharply reduce the crime rate."

■ Face it—if you're a policeman, you just can't win. You work hard, you take risks. The pay is nothing to cheer about. College kids throw rocks, bottles and garbage at you and then call *you* a pig. The press picks up the term and pretty soon you're stuck with it. So you jump on the bandwagon yourself and start wearing a "pig" button, to show you're proud of your job. He who laughs last . . . but if you're a cop in Springfield, Massachusetts you've just been forbidden to wear a pig-pin by your superiors. Is there no *end* to repression?

■ "It's new. It's now. It's status-y. The in-thing to own this minute. Whatever your politics, strap on a red-white-true-blue caricature of *the* VP. Positively patriotic! Ticking now, at $15.95." So goes an ad for the Spiro Agnew watch. It also tells the time. Like Spiro.

■ "We're Democrats. And we're proud of it. We're Californians. And we're proud of that too. Up until recently, what our party wanted was generally good for our state. But this year, in the big race, what our party offers is not what California needs. So we're backing Ronald Reagan for re-election. Governor Reagan is an honest man. An effective leader. He's not afraid to meet the hard issues head-on. He's got guts. And good, common sense." From an ad in the *S.F. Chronicle* by Democrats for Reagan, among them Frank Sinatra, Dean Martin and State Senator Hugh Burns.

■ Lenore Romney, liberal Republican, just did beat out Robert Huber, conservative Republican, in the Michigan primary. It was close, with Huber doing far better than predicted. He gave her a piece of parting advice: Go right he said, if you want to beat Phil Hart in November. If she does, she might. If she doesn't, she won't. That's about how it is out Michigan way.

■ It's all over but the mopping-up: César Chavez has beaten the grape growers. Now it's to hell with negotiations, Chavez wants unconditional surrender. His Farm Workers Union has contracts with 25 per cent of California's table grape industry, and last week Philip Feick, head of the Western Employers Council, announced that over half of the holdout growers were ready to surrender.

The John F. Kennedy Center for the Performing Arts in Washington, D.C.

It's generating lots of yuks.
The bill is sixty million bucks.
They plopped it in the flight path of
Each jumbo liner dead above.
Designed by Edward Durell Stone
Deep in the Foggy Bottom zone,
It's programmed full of culture kicks
In opera, drama, concert, flicks.
I'm not objecting to the name.
For once, I'm not assigning blame.
I simply say my common sense
Suggests there ain't no audience.

W. H. VON DREELE

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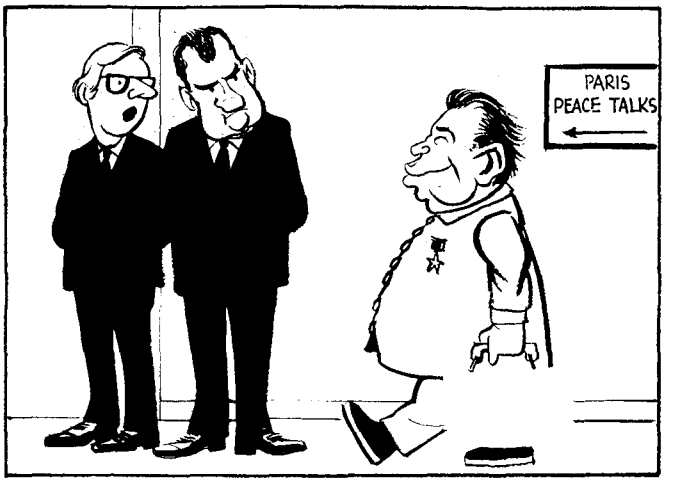

Donato, *Windsor Star*, Canada — Ben Roth Agency

"They're bringing in another peace proposal sir!"

The sudden collapse of grower opposition startled many, including Governor Ronald Reagan, who on the day of the defeat was outlining a plan for union representation elections. Coming up: collapse of many small growers and changeover by large ones to wine grapes (which can be harvested by machines), therefore fewer jobs in the fields. The boycott did its job well; special thanks should go to the media men who publicized it and to the radical-chic crowd who made it one of their little causes.

■ Clodfelter's Third Law—"You can get away with anything if you do it with a Bible in your hand"—had already been borne out by history (Torquemada, Cromwell, Cotton Mather, Rasputin, Father Coughlin). Now it seems that, after all, it is possible to go too far: witness the capture, at long overdue last, of Father Daniel Berrigan. Sentenced to prison for destroying draft records, Father Dan developed a new wrinkle on the old civil disobedience game: One breaks the law and then *doesn't* face the consequences; instead one Goes Underground and becomes a romantic hero, flitting from place to place, popping up every two or three days to be interviewed by the better magazines or to give a quick sermon on the immorality of anything at all, other, of course, than what one is doing. The wrinkle is important, for it establishes the disobeyer as an opponent not of one specific law that he believes to be unjust, but of the-entire-rotten-system. Important, too, because it leads logically to profoundly evil conclusions. One of Father Dan's fans remarks: "The essential Berrigan conviction remains that any activity which protects life, especially innocent life, is life-serving." *Any* activity—including, logically, destruction of property, wholesale disruption, political assassination, you name it. Father Dan himself claims that when they say yes to The System, people "lose their manhood, their soul." An old trick: Deny the humanity of the opponent, picture him as a thing instead of another child of God, and then you can do with him/it as you please.

■ Ask not who first asked not what your country can do for you or you'll find it wasn't John Kennedy or even Ted Sorensen, it was that old smoke-filled Warren Gamaliel Harding, at the 1916 Republican convention in Chicago. His version went: "In the great fulfillment we must have a citizenship less concerned about what the government can do for it and more anxious about what it can do to exalt the nation." Gamalielese, sure—but just thought you'd like to know.

■ What's wrong with Russian agriculture? Robert Stanfield, Canada's Progressive Conservative Party leader, doesn't know. Stanfield recently returned from Russia bubbling with praise for Soviet Arctic accomplishments. "Only the state can provide the kind of infrastructure in the Arctic that the Soviets already have," enthused Mr. Stanfield. "But what I have never been able to understand," he continued, "is why they should have an agriculture problem when we in Canada have agricultural production coming out our ears." A rather astonishing question, coming as it does from a Conservative. Perhaps Mr. Stanfield should listen to Captain Jorge Risquet, Cuba's Minister of Labor, who recently blamed Cuba's agricultural failure on labor inefficiency resulting from lack of rapport between workers and their Communist Party bosses. That's right, Stanfield. It's that good old state infrastructure.

■ Down in Tyler, Texas the cry is "Unleash Joseph Walker." Walker, ex-paratrooper and Vietnam veteran, deeply disturbed over the plight of American prisoners of war, tried to re-enlist but was turned down because his brother had been killed in action. So he took a plane to Saigon, bought a rifle and hand grenades, and hitched a helicopter ride into Cambodia. "My plan was to work north from Cambodia into Laos and then to where the American prisoners of war are outside Hanoi," explained Walker. In Cambodia a regular Army unit took him into custody. But Walker had already attacked Hanoi's 119th Light Infantry Brigade. "I tossed three grenades into them and killed four men," he says.

■ Fourteen years and counting. A story in the *Washington Post* has revealed that "between 5 and 10 per cent of the 62,000 school children" in Omaha are taking "behavior modification" drugs. The purpose is to "improve classroom deportment and increase learning potential" among students "identified by their teachers as 'hyperactive' and unmanageable. . . ." Generally five drugs are prescribed by local physicians, on advice of Dr. Byron Oberst, a pediatrician instrumental in pushing the drug program: Ritalin (methylphenidate hydrochloride, an amphetamine-stimulant), Dexedrene, Deaner, Aventyl and Tofranil. Ritalin was developed "in an effort to find a substance with the 'mood elevating' effects of amphetamine minus its drawbacks," one physician comments, but it apparently doesn't succeed; "amphetamine abusers are beginning to ask for it. Sweden has banned its sale." The unpredictability of drug effects on the children has been magnified by pill swapping: "They were trading pills on the school grounds," [an ad-

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ministrator] said. "One kid would say, 'Here, you try my yellow one and I'll try your pink one.' " Dr. Oberst is not unduly concerned with bad side effects reported by parents: "You have to balance what you see and what is reported by the mothers. I see [the students] every three to six months," he says reassuringly, "and we check their brain wave pattern yearly until they revert to normal."

■ Perseverance pays. Take Mr. and Mrs. Prestly Harris and their seven children, for instance. For the past ten years they've been living in New York. On welfare. Their last residence, the Hotel Marseilles, burned down, and so the Welfare Department moved them into a suite in the Commodore Hotel. The rate: $85 a day; the City picks up the tab, of course. Mrs. Harris thinks the room service a bit expensive, but with their food allowance they manage.

■ *Village Voice* ads used to remark that the Establishment shakes every Wednesday because that's the day the *Voice* arrives on the newsstands. Well, the Establishment is due for another shock. The *New York Column*, which has been in existence for over two and a half years, has gone conservative. Under the editorship of Mr. Ted Feit, the *Column* is to be a conservative *Village Voice*. New Yorkers will find out what the Right thinks. Very soon people will be stopping each other in front of every kiosk, staring at the *Village Voice* in puzzlement. Their puzzlement will cease only when the vendor tells them it's a liberal *New York Column*.

■ DEPARTMENT OF LIBERAL JOURNALISTIC OMNISCIENCE: The first paragraph of the ultra-liberal *New York Post*'s front-page feature story, printed on the day that Richard Nixon a few hours later vetoed the overweight education money bill, reads: "President Nixon has reluctantly decided to allow the $4.4 billion Education Appropriations Bill to become law today although it is $434 million above his budget request."

■ Lincolnesque reflection upon reading in the morning's headlines that "Pornography Study Gets U.S. Grant": Now is the time for all good men to send their girlie pix to Vietnam.

■ Our Spoilsport-of-the-Month Award goes to Judge Bert Henson, out Ventura, California way. It seems that Richard Travis, a student at a Los Angeles art school was assigned to photograph the effects of oil pollution on ocean life and beaches. Try as he might, poor Travis couldn't find any pollution at all, so he took a dead seal and some dead birds, arranged them on a beach and then (artistic license) sprinkled the collage with oil from a car crankcase. Whereupon he was arrested, and hauled into municipal court, where Judge Henson sentenced him to six months' probation for placing petroleum on state waters.

■ JELLYFISH CONTROL. Mr. DINGELL. Mr. Speaker, I move to suspend the rules and pass the bill (H.R. 12943 ["An Act to provide for the control of jellyfish and other such pests in the coastal waters of the United States, and for other purposes"]) to amend Section Three of the Act of November 2, 1966, to extend for three years the authority to make appropriations to carry out such act. [hubbub] Mr. DINGELL. . . . Mr. Speaker, the need for this legislation arises from the fact that [murmur murmur]. *Unfortunately there is no known method of controlling these pests.* . . . Mr. TAXPAYER. Mr. Speaker, my esteemed colleague errs in stating that there is no known method of controlling jellyfish. Such control is indeed possible, at a savings of $733,000. I move to suspend the rules and pass the bill to amend Section One to strike the words "in the coastal waters of the United States" and insert "in the Congress of the United States." Mr. REVIEW. I second. The SPEAKER. Moved and seconded. There being no objection, the amendment is passed by acclamation.

■ Memo to the Federal Government: If you don't like it here, why don't you go back where you came from?

Ninety Days

Thank God for the cease-fire. And—incidentally—how difficult so much of the press is finding it to praise the deed, while ignoring the doer. If it had been JFK, it would already have been rushed off into the encyclopaedia as the great act of statesmanship of the decade. It is Nixon, so the praise is grudging. Never mind. The firing has ceased, and there are ninety days within which we can hope to work out a semipermanent arrangement.

We do not know what were the inducements Washington used, but one supposes that they were considerable. Remember, that an inducement can be in the form of a promise not to go through with a threat. It is possible that Helsinki is the nerve center here, and that Mr. Nixon's representatives have advised the Soviet Union that however painful it would prove to us to pursue ABM and MIRVs and the rest of it, it would prove far more painful to the Soviet Union to make complementary arrangements, particularly in the light of the straitened Soviet economy.

The Blahs

I don't get glum about a slum.
I fail to bleed when kids can't read.
Though Romney smarts at housing starts,
I watch him moan, but on his own.
I'm bored by flats with brats and rats.
If Myrna Loy became a boy,
I don't believe I'd pause to heave.
Nor will I stop to grab a mop
When Charles Goodell starts catching hell.

W. H. VON DREELE

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Meanwhile, this surely is the last opportunity for Israel simultaneously to give, and to receive. If, by her intransigence, she succeeds in totally discrediting Nasser, the result must be Armageddon.

The Brandt-Brezhnev Pact

The news of the initialing of the new German-Soviet treaty by Foreign Ministers Walter Scheel and Andrei Gromyko inevitably awakens strange echoes along the corridors of memory. What are the shades of Ribbentrop and Molotov murmuring as they look over the shoulders of their Minister-successors? Still further back in the darkness, what flickers through the ghostly minds of Adolf Hitler and Josef Stalin? Did not that protocol of 31 years ago also "pledge both sides to renounce force in settling disputes" and look forward, "through an improvement in bilateral relations," to peace and advancing well-being for all Europe?

But Willy Brandt is no Hitler, and Leonid Brezhnev no Stalin. . . . Let us not skip quite so fast. Brandt is no Nazi, certainly, but he, as Hitler was, is chief of the German Reich. And is it not this same Brezhnev who two

A Diagnosis of the Anti-Spiro Jitters by a Former Chairman of ADA

I wondered how long it would take for the high theorists to catch up with Spiro Agnew. Now the parade of analyses has officially begun with a *New York Times Magazine* piece by Arthur Schlesinger Jr. and one can predict that before the year is out every journal in the Western world will feature a similar exercise. It will be discovered that Agnew is a symbol of American "status displacement," a paradigm of the "paranoid style" in American politics, a model of the "authoritarian personality," and—of course—a harbinger of "fascism."

This is good, clean fun and keeps a number of people off the streets, but one can anticipate with considerable accuracy that the results will tell us more about the anxiety of the authors than about Spiro Agnew. Take, for example, the statement that "Agnew is terrifying dissenters" (or TV producers or professors or effete snobs). I can easily imagine a dissenter being terrified by a tough cop or a longshoreman or a hard-hat. But only a person born terrified could possibly flee an onslaught by the Vice President of the United States. It is in the same class as fear of college presidents.

Take the quote from Orson Welles that Schlesinger seemed to take seriously. Asked how anyone today could scare people the way his *War of the Worlds* radio drama did thirty years he replied, "I would say by giving unlimited air time to Spiro Agnew." It is possible that Agnew scares hell out of Welles, but again I submit that this tells us something about Welles, not Agnew.

The key to Agnew's success is not that he touches some profound psychic nerve in the American character, triggering authoritarian, fascist reflexes. It is rather that he has provided some rough entertainment, some polemical balance to American politics. I don't know who started the rumor that Americans thrive on consensus—perhaps President Lyndon Johnson, who had his own patented consensus in mind and was delighted to let others have *his* way. In fact, Americans have always looked on politics as a body-contact sport and were by 1969 extremely bored by the one-sidedness of the match.

Everywhere the average citizen looked from about 1966 onward, the President and his Administration were getting the leather. The antiwar groups escalated their rhetoric to a level that would constitute sedition just about anyplace else in the world. When you turned on the tube, what did you see? Some militant calling the President a "murderer" and calling for a revolution.

Americans, contrary to rumor, are not passionate devotees of sedition laws (or, for that manner, of any other kind of laws). But when the rhetoric gets rough, they expect a good verbal brawl with two contenders in the ring. Thus when the antiwar spokesmen started laying it on the Johnson Administration, the citizenry waited for some solid counterpunching. But aside from a reference to "nervous nellies" and a couple of other side shots, the President "hunkered up like a jack rabbit in a hailstorm." This was no bout!

Into this polemical vacuum came Spiro Agnew. Actually his first "hard" speeches were pretty mild, say, by comparison with any of FDR's assaults on his opponents. By nineteenth-century standards, Agnew wouldn't even have made it into the big ring. But his victims responded as though they were en route to labor camps, and the populace suddenly awoke to the fact that a brawl was on. Agnew achieved the status of a dragon killer without ever drawing his sword. He became first-class entertainment.

Yet the American people are quite capable of keeping their categories straight. Asked if they think Agnew is doing a good job, a majority will say yes; asked if they think he would make a good President a majority will say no. Their attitude reflects that of the frontier woman in Abe Lincoln's story who saw her husband wrestling with a bear: "Go it husband," she would yell—then "Go it bear!" The jack rabbit in a hailstorm is not the American ideal of a politician, and Spiro Agnew is capitalizing on our fondness for a scrap, not our desperate quest for an authoritarian womb.

—JOHN P. ROCHE

(Courtesy of King Features)

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short years ago sent his tanks and guns to crush a people who sought in some small degree to order their own lives according to their own notions? (Those tanks rumbling through the streets of Prague wore stars instead of swastikas, but the news photos could otherwise have been of the tanks in the streets of Vienna; or Prague itself, too, thirty years earlier.) Is this not the Brezhnev who, by his doctrine of "limited sovereignty," has proclaimed Communist Russia's imperial suzerainty over all "socialist nations and peoples" wherever situated? What does signing with him a treaty of peace, friendship and mutual good will signify to his colonial subjects?

This new accord, then, is not the first between Germans and Slavs, nor the second. Back of the Pact of 1939 is Rapallo, and on back through the centuries to Roman times a recurrent series, as the Germans—that dynamic, industrious, seemingly unconquerable *volk* — from their position at the strategic center of the European peninsula have swung slowly back and forth, from east to west and then to east again. Now once more, through the person of a Socialist Chancellor, the *drang nach osten* reasserts itself.

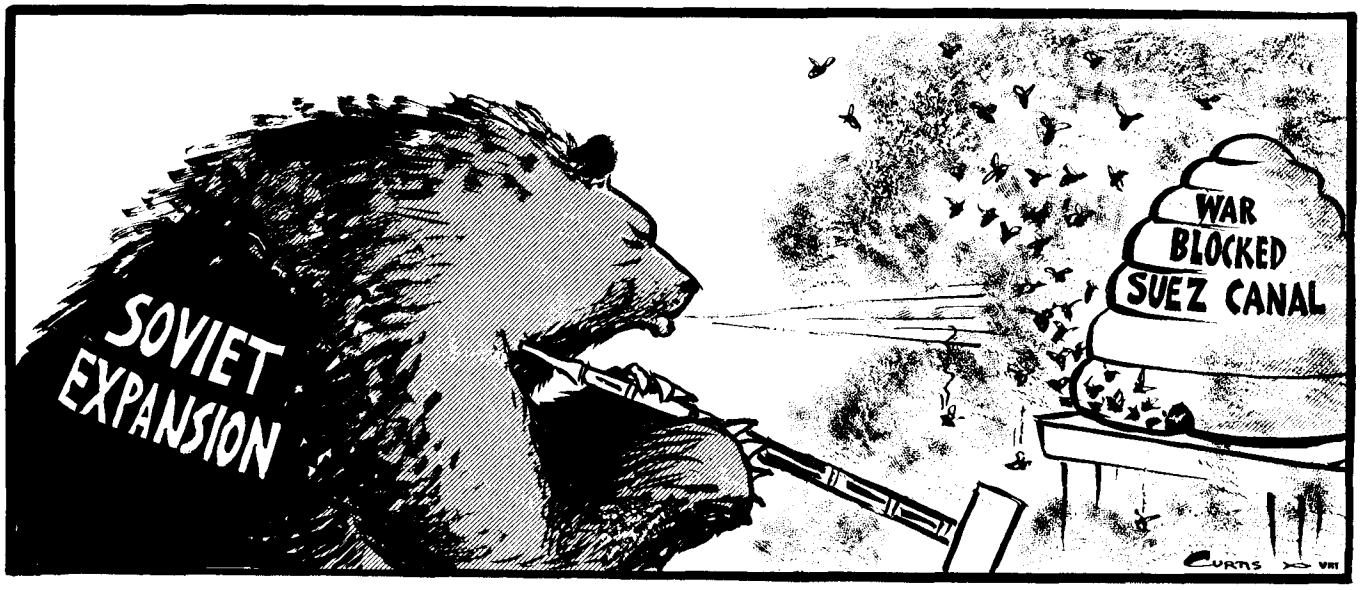
"The agreement on which we reached accommodation," Herr Scheel stated, "is oriented toward the future." What is in that future, as Scheel and Brandt sense it, that brought them to Moscow this summer? For one thing, undoubtedly, the vast potential markets of Eastern Europe that have beckoned German industry and technology for generations and that now become more tempting and more necessary than ever as the German and world economies advance to new heights of production. The German government wishes to liquidate or suspend the political obstacles left by the War to economic expansion to the east. In addition, this accord can be seen as an initial move in one more of the perennial German drives to gain the hegemony of Europe, or at any rate of Western Europe. Although Germany has kept in touch with her Western allies, it is Germany that has taken the initiative to break further out of the postwar frame than has been heretofore attempted; Germany, not France, not France and Germany together, not NATO, not Germany and America.

Though this accord "should open a new page in relations between the Soviet Union and the Federal Republic of Germany," Herr Scheel carefully explained, "at the same time, we are striving for better relations between Eastern and Western Europe. From the very outset, we made it clear that for us it is not only a matter of representing the national interest of the Federal Republic of Germany." We Germans, that is to say, are speaking and acting not only for ourselves but for all West Europeans. And not only West Europeans, it would seem: "We want to contribute to the relaxation of tension, which will be to the good of all peoples in Eastern and Western Europe."

Minister Gromyko did not disagree, and carried the picture of the future a frame further: "The Soviet government is convinced that these results are in the interests of . . . expanding the cooperation between our countries and in the interests of further détente in Europe." "Further détente": Gromyko meant the all-European security conference that Moscow, acting in part through Finland, has long been pushing.

To sum up: This future is evidently a post-NATO Europe, a Europe from which the American influence and presence would be limited (Bonn) or eliminated (Moscow).

The long-term aim of the Soviet Union, implicit in the accord, is thus strategically offensive: the progressive isolation and exclusion of the U.S. from Europe, with (whatever the illusions of German Socialists) the consequent extension of Soviet domination over all Europe. Meanwhile, for the nearer term, there are other substantial gains in prospect. The Soviet empire, with its economy of late faltering even more badly than usual, needs the infusions of advanced machines, products and technology that Germany can supply. The Presidium has not forgotten Lenin's



Bear shows sudden partiality for peace pipe

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dictum that German technology plus Russian space, resources and manpower would rule the world.

And this accord, Moscow believes and hopes, will help complete the process she deems essential but has been unable to complete even after a full generation: the legitimization of her empire. That the empire exists in fact is sufficiently demonstrated whenever a colony or vassal state acts in a manner that breaches the imperial discipline. But in the eyes of the Kremlin the de facto relation is too bare and even precarious. The Kremlin desires that the imperial order—formulated in its political essence as "the Brezhnev doctrine"—should be accepted as legitimate and unchallengeable by the non-Communist world.

Up to now one of the plainest standing challenges to the imperial legitimacy has been West Germany's "Hallstein doctrine," refusing diplomatic recognition to all states that recognize East Germany, thus to all the vassal nations. In signing this new Moscow accord, the German Socialists complete the slow burial of the Hallstein doctrine that began two years ago.

Third, and surely not last in importance: Russia confronts the non-Communist world along three major fronts: the European (southwestern), Mideastern (actually, southern), and Far Eastern. Soviet strategy seeks and must seek to avoid active involvement on two of these fronts, above all on three, simultaneously. By this accord, the Kremlin is getting a German promise of all quiet on the European front, so that attention may be focused on the present and potential troubles on the other two.

All in all, not a bad deal for Brezhnev.

The High Cost of Blackmail

On Friday, August 7, Jonathan P. Jackson, seventeen, entered the Marin County Hall of Justice, San Rafael, California in mid-session, and touched off a series of events that took the lives of Judge Harold J. Haley, 65, the two convicts whom Jackson tried to free, and of Jackson himself. The interloper involved a total of five hostages—the Judge, the Deputy District Attorney, and three woman jurors.

On Thursday, August 6, leftist urban guerrillas in Uruguay, the so-called Tupamaros, demanded that Uruguayan jails be emptied of all "political" prisoners (supposedly 150) in return for the freedom of kidnapees Dan A. Mitrione, a U.S. AID official, and Aloysio Mares Dias Gomide, a Brazilian consul. Mitrione had been kidnaped a week before. The guerrillas gave the government of Uruguayan President Jorge Pacheco Areco until Friday, August 7, to release the prisoners, adding: "If there is no official pronouncement by then we shall terminate this affair and do justice."

In San Rafael, James D. McClain, the San Quentin convict whose trial for the stabbing of a prison guard was interrupted, telephoned from the courtroom to guards outside, "Call off your dogs, pigs, or we'll kill everyone in the room." After taping a shotgun to Judge Haley's shoulder and neck, McClain addressed the jury, "I have been unjustly accused. I want to be a free man."

On August 7, in Montevideo, the Tupamaros kidnaped a third hostage, Dr. Claude L. Fly, 65, an American soil expert working for the Uruguayan government. The guerrillas branded Mitrione, their other American hostage, "an American spy infiltrated by the government into the security services of the Uruguayan state." The bandits, faced with the Uruguayan government's refusal to negotiate a deal, promised to execute Mitrione at noon on Sunday, August 9.

The apparent purpose of the San Rafael kidnaping attempt was to effect the release of three San Quentin convicts from Soledad, California. Jonathan P. Jackson was the brother of one of those prisoners (all of whom are now accused of killing a guard). As McClain, Jackson, et al. fled the courtroom, one of them shouted, "We demand the Soledad brothers be free by 12:30 today."

At noon on August 9, Dan A. Mitrione, the father of nine children, was murdered by Uruguayan bandits. U.S. State Department spokesman Robert J. McCloskey reported that the U.S. had not pressed the Uruguayan government to accede to the guerrillas' demands because to do so would encourage further political kidnapings.

When a hundred guards and policemen at San Rafael blocked the path of the escapees attempting to leave, with their hostages, the Marin County Hall of Justice (one of Frank Lloyd Wright's last architectural masterpieces), Judge Haley was promptly shotgunned to death. Jackson, McClain and another convict were killed in the ensuing melee when the Deputy DA wrested a gun from one of his captors and shot three of the convicts. He and a woman juror were seriously wounded. James W. Park, associate warden of San Quentin, commented on the reason for stopping the van: "Once you allow a hostage situation to work, then you'll be plagued with it forever, like airline hijackings."

In Marin County, California, for a decade now, court officers have not been permitted to carry weapons. As Judge Haley put it, weapons in courtrooms were "offensive" to the public taste. Now weapons are going to be brought to courtrooms, but will they be ours?

Our judiciary system operates on the premise of a civil society, but as McClain announced at San Rafael, "We are

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Sign in at exclusive clubs.
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Storm the sacred Biltmore Grill.
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Not the pornographic flick
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One place, only, bars the gate;
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W. H. von Dreele

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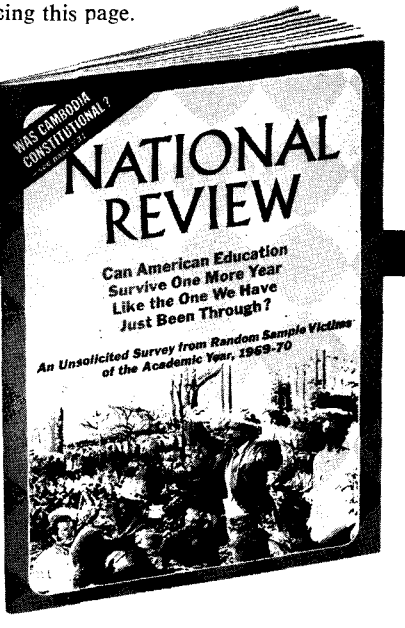
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the revolutionaries." In the context of such purposeful violence, any willingness to give in to kidnaping, while based on a concern for the lives of hostages, is a reaction at once inefficacious and disastrous. To ransom once is to ransom again. When the stakes are high, as in the preceding examples, a government can show no disposition to give in, and thereby ignite a self-perpetuating cycle of kidnapings. It requires little imagination to apply this rule at the international level, where governments that give in to blackmail invite dismemberment.

Scanlan's Scandal

Inside the front cover of the August *Scanlan's*, a new muckraking magazine named after an Irish pig farmer, appears one page of a reported four-page memo that the editors claim originated in Spiro Agnew's office. The reproduced page begins in mid-sentence: ". . . and the Rand team agrees that a judicious leak of a general nature concerning segment *alpha* of their study for the C/E, that relative to holding no national elections in '72, to the media . . . at the right time to test the water so to speak is a vital step in the eventuation of their scheme. However, under *no*, repeat *no*, circumstances is any information regarding segment *beta* of their study, the Bill of Rights repeal, to be made public."

Taken at face value, then, the memo seems to refer to a Rand Corporation projection of plans to cancel the '72 elections and repeal the Bill of Rights. The remainder of the purloined page, dated 11 March 1970, outlines schemes for financing and staging summer hard-hat demonstrations in major cities in support of the President's Indochina policies.

The Vice President was quick to respond: The memo was "completely false," he said. "My denial is unequivocal, not only for that [document] but for anything else concerning that subject in writing, in conversation or in thought." You can't get much more unequivocal than that. Mr. Agnew explained that the heading on the stationery was not his official letterhead; that letterhead stationery was never used after the first page in memos; that the format of the memo violated established office procedures; and that the wording of the text was all wrong.

A gigantic put-on, as anyone with perspective would realize immediately. But the true believers took it with dead seriousness. The Communist *Daily World* front-paged the story and pointed out that in Europe the memo was "treated as a sensation." At places like Berkeley and Columbia, radical professors and students treat it as gospel.

The memo, according to Attorney General John Mitchell, is "a complete fabrication" and "an example of Hitler's big lie technique." Mitchell promises a complete investigation, and believes he will be able to find out who manufactured the memo. But true believers love conspiracy theories, so *Scanlan's* scandal will probably prove as durable as the Protocols of the Learned Elders of Zion.

Notes & Asides

■ To the Editor,
The *Washington Post*

In re your man Ungar (Sanford J., *Washington Post* July 21).

1) It is obvious that he did not trouble to read *Did You Ever See A Dream Walking?*; which is just as well, inasmuch as it is by no means clear that he'd have understood it if he had. One thing. He mentions three of the (two dozen) contributors to the book, only one of whom he pauses to characterize. He refers to "the old reliable Whittaker Chambers." I do not know what he means by "reliable," although it is obvious that he doesn't use the word in the sense, say, in which you and I would use it about the Coast Guard. If he means that Chambers was reliably an evangelist for this or that position in the sense that, say, Billy Graham, or Ralph Ingersoll were, then he knows nothing at all about Chambers' intellectual peregrinations, which is too bad. If he meant to use the word professionally, then I think I must record that Chambers was the most "unreliable" writer in modern journalism—forever missing deadlines. I do not see exactly how one can call "the old reliable" someone who over a period of thirteen years (1948-1961) wrote one book, and maybe ten articles. It is rather like referring to "the old reliable Katherine Ann Porter."

2) Mr. Ungar complains (?) that my book *The Governor Listeth* contains my "minor speeches." Pray, where does he think I publish my major speeches?

3) Mr. Ungar says of me, "he wants very much to be a public figure." That is like saying, "The *Washington Post* wants very much to be a newspaper." I think he meant to say that I want to be admired as what I am, even as, presumably, the *Post* does.

4) He says that I had "some encounters with black militants which he will apparently never stop talking about." I wrote about the incident when it happened, and never again alluded to it. What *is* it with Ungar?

And, finally, 5) "His philosophies are dubiously [as opposed to unequivocally?] two-faced. Civil disobedience, for example, is always bad, except when it occurs behind the Iron Curtain, on the other side of which resides all that is evil in the world, including, of all things, Polish ham." I have never championed civil obedience in any totalitarian country. As for the Polish ham bit (I eat them regularly, and with pleasure), I am reminded by Mr. Ungar of a line from Guy Davenport: "Sometimes, on reading Goethe, I have a paralyzing suspicion that he is trying to be funny."

Yours faithfully,
Wm. F. Buckley Jr.

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■ Dear Bill:

Attached is a note from George Schlatter, the producer of the television series *Laugh-In,* inquiring about the possibility of your appearing on the show.

Because of the previous misunderstanding, I thought it best to transmit the offer exactly as given to me.

Please let me know how you would like this handled.

Best regards.

Sincerely, Ben Griefer, William Morris Agency, Inc.

TO: BEN GRIEFER
FROM: GEORGE SCHLATTER
SUBJECT: WILLIAM F. BUCKLEY

Elliot Wax and I are seated here in the bowels of Burbank going over a list of people we would like to have appear on next season's *Rowan and Martin's Laugh-In.* We had only gotten to the B's when I realized it was time for us to make our annual proposal to William F. Buckley. Recalling the series of somewhat abrupt rejections these proposals have met with in the past has in no way dampened our enthusiasm or lessened our interest in Mr. Buckley.

We would genuinely like for him to appear on the show. We would give him approval of anything he would say. We would in no way embarrass or humiliate him. We promise *not* to book Gore Vidal to appear on the show in any way during the forthcoming year. We will take out no less than four subscriptions to NATIONAL REVIEW. We will pay a fee of $1,000 plus all his expenses and have him flown to California on a plane that only has a right wing.

I think we would have a marvelous time doing the show and he could get off a number of beautiful "zingers" of his own. We are all big fans of his. Although occasionally some of the underlings on the show don't agree with all of his viewpoints, we dig Mr. Buckley and believe his appearance on *Laugh-In* would be fun and his views would reach quite a large audience.

Please convey our request in a serious way to Mr. Buckley because we would honestly like to have him on the show.

Please confirm.

Best regards, George

Dear Ben:

How good to hear from you. In re Mr. Schlatter's kind and terribly amusing invitation, my answer is no, notwithstanding the admiration I feel for his program. I would rather be a comedian than a teacher, but it was not meant to be, and by dressing in the robes of the former, I diminish my usefulness as the latter. I hope Mr. Schlatter understands. At any rate, please give him my best.

As ever, Bill

Dear Mr. Buckley

Ben Griefer forwarded your letter of June 2nd, in which you politely but firmly once more rejected our annual invitation to come to Beautiful Downtown Burbank.

I am writing to you in hopes of changing your mind. I mean, now, let's face it Bill . . . in a few minutes you could strike a blow for conservatism here in the very midst of our little hotbed of liberals, cuckoos and questionable characters of all persuasion. . . . (If you have a minute would you be so kind as to punch up that last sentence for me. . . . I somehow feel I could have been more articulate, more humorous and more persuasive) . . . onward.

In an effusion of enthusiasm, we will agree to the following restrictions: We will submit all material to you in advance and tape only the remarks that you find amusing. We will let you know in advance how each line will be used and what will precede and follow each comment. We will publicize it as much or as little as you wish. We will agree to not bother you again this season. We will give you a photograph, suitable for framing, of each cast member reading NATIONAL REVIEW, or not reading it, whichever you prefer. We can, if you wish, include a few serious remarks (and with the exception of Dr. Billy Graham, we have never deliberately done that before).

I will not bore you with a lot of logic as to the effectiveness of such an appearance, however, some people credit Mr. Nixon's appearance on *Laugh-In* as one reason for his victory. Some people credit us . . . others blame us, but we do have an enormous audience and through humor we can make some important comments and observations. Naturally, anything of your own that you would like said could be included.

We try very hard on *Laugh-In* to present both sides of issues and to limit our humor to fair comment. We try to do a "put-on" not a "put-down." We satirize and comment humorously, but without anger or venom. We do not take sides or present the personal political views of the people involved in the show. In this way we try never to become a platform of anything other than a good-natured, well-meant voice, presenting a humorous look at our society and the people and issues of importance.

It is always much easier to find humor in the anti-Establishment approach and to make jokes about the Administration and its leaders. There is also much humor in the opposition's viewpoint, and since we are committed to presenting both sides, we feel that we could do this best with someone of your stature, charm and wit.

Incidentally, let me point out how much easier it will be on all of us if you immediately agree to appear and thereby avoid the necessity for more letters and even perhaps personal embarrassment as peculiar characters in strange garb accost you and yours in public places offering exotic enticements in a spectacular manner.

In conclusion, while I do not feel that my personal integrity as an individual should constitute any element of this appeal, I do promise to vote any way you want, now and for evermore.

Best regards, George Schlatter

Dear Mr. Schlatter: You win. But could I send David Frye? Yours exhaustedly, —**WFB**

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CATO

ABOUT THE CRIME BILL

LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

Both the Justice Department and the White House feel considerable satisfaction at the passage of the much-debated D. C. Crime Bill. Provisions for pre-trial detention—"preventive detention" in the popular lingo—would give law enforcement officers in the District of Columbia valuable powers to cope with the multiple offender who wants one last big haul to take care of his family while he's being put away.

The value of the "no-knock" clause is more controversial. In the latter instance, the split between the Administration and old-line Southerners like Senators Sam Ervin (D., N.C.) and John Stennis (D., Miss.) may be lasting enough to lead to some court tests. Both as a practical tool to aid law enforcement and as a piece of legislation whose constitutionality will have to be tested, the D. C. Crime Bill is very much an unknown quantity.

Behind the passage of the bill lies the very real concern of the Administration and of most members of Congress about the pervasive criminality rampant in the District. Murders, hold-ups, rapes, robberies and shoplifting are so commonplace in Washington that they command little space in the press. Rightly so. They are commonplace and repetition would only become tedious.

In the course of incidental business in two days, this columnist talked with five women living in the District. Nothing had happened to two. One was the victim of attempted rape (foiled by screams); the would-be rapist has harassed the woman on the phone and is still at large. A second has been the victim of two purse-snatchings and has had all the electrical appliances and silver stolen from her second story flat. The thieves took their booty through a window via a ladder in full view of six people. One of the bystanders told police later that he had thought there was something suspicious about the man going down the ladder with a television set. The third victim was raped in Georgetown by five men in the space of twenty minutes. She is now reluctant to go out at night alone. "This is how we live in the District," one of the women said resignedly.

Analysts of the crime problem don't expect the D. C. Crime Bill or anything else to help much. Some of the reasons they offer serve to explain why the crime problem is so resistant to solution:

→ *Jam-up in the courts.* The speedy trial, "a myth of American jurisprudence," hardly exists in the District because the cases are so numerous and manpower so short. D. C. courts suffer from contiguity to the nation's highest court. One observer notes that "D. C. courts have to be over-responsive to Supreme Court guidelines simply because they're virtually living next door to each other." Pretrial detention may mean that some more egregious offenders will spend part of their five or six months awaiting trial behind bars.

→ *Safe neighborhoods.* "Nowhere in Washington is safe anymore," said a resident of an affluent block in Georgetown. "I used to be scared to go downtown. Then two months ago I was held up walking my dog on "P" Street. Now I walk him around the backyard and even that isn't safe." Observers agree that Washington no longer boasts any very safe areas. Even the "maximum security" apartment complexes, such as the Watergate, have fallen prey to sheer numbers. With so many people needing easy access, it is difficult to protect the residents. Crime, which used to be mostly a problem everywhere but in North-West Washington has invaded NW too.

→ *Suburban overspill.* Crime has begun to move outwards from the District into Maryland and Virginia. Because competition among District criminals is so vigorous, the takings in the suburbs are sometimes better than in Washington. This factor—specifically the overspill of District crime into Maryland's affluent Montgomery County—is why Senator Joseph Tydings (D., Md.) was one of the prime backers of the D. C. Crime Bill. Tydings has been given a hard time for this decision by much of the liberal press, most particularly the *Washington Post*. But since many of the other liberal congressmen and senators from industrialized states with big and often unruly, not to say larcenous populations also voted for the Crime Bill while Southern Democrats such as Ervin and Stennis opposed it the ideological lines on this one are fuzzy.

→ *Changing function of the police.* District residents have great respect for Police Chief Jerry Wilson and his men. Police are visible everywhere. The problem is that in some sections of Washington such large segments of the population are criminal that the police are outnumbered, outflanked, and outrun; even doubling the size of the force would not take care of the problem. The result of the sometime ineffectuality of the police department is that the public is learning how to protect itself. "Each member of the public," one officer said, "learns from being a victim. When we talk to him, he becomes a kind of deputy in charge of his own safety." Thus an evolutionary theory of safety is evolving with the fittest being those who are best at running, locking, ducking, screaming, and so forth.

→ *Anonymity of the criminal.* At the moment of the crime, the victim seems almost never to have sufficient wits to make any kind of positive identification later. Black criminals can melt back into the ghetto. So when the victim tells police the aggressor was a black man, the police search is for a class rather than an individual. "Victims have got to get educated," the police officer said. "All we need is one or two details and we can get to work. But people don't seem to remember anything except how awful what happened was."

Even with the D. C. Crime Bill, District residents are not very hopeful. Washington is one of the few cities in the world where crime has become a way of life. □

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LETTER FROM LONDON

Needed: a British Spiro Agnew

ANTHONY LEJEUNE

THE AMERICAN political scene, according to a British television documentary, is divided between "the moderate Democrats and the Republicans, who are more extreme." The commentator, in other words, took for granted that the normal standpoint, his own and that of all the viewers, lay to the left of both American parties.

I made a note of this remark because it captures so neatly, not to say naïvely, the characteristic tone of British comment on American affairs.

When Spiro Agnew complained of leftward bias in the communications media, he was describing an international, rather than a purely American, phenomenon. Exactly the same complaint is made, from time to time, in Britain—and greeted with exactly the same indignant denials. But, to anyone with ears to hear and eyes to read, its truth is as obvious as cabbages.

The liberal sympathies of most of the British reporters stationed in Washington are reinforced, rather than corrected, by most of the Americans who appear on British television. Within the same week, recently, Dick Gregory and Dr. Spock were each given complete programs to themselves. Robert Oppenheimer, George F. Kennan and John Kenneth Galbraith have all been invited to deliver the BBC's prestigious Reith Lectures.

The BBC broadcast a talk, afterwards reprinted in its program-magazine, the *Listener*, called "The American Right" by Michael Rogin, an Assistant Professor of Political Science at Berkeley. "To win national power," declared Professor Rogin, "the Right" (which he equated with fascism) "must find a leader who can contain cruelty and rebelliousness behind a mask. The fortunes of Joseph McCarthy, Richard Nixon, Barry Goldwater and Ronald Reagan have turned decisively on their approximation to Dorian Gray."

When Reagan became Governor of California, David Frost began his television show by saying "the news from America is depressing," and his carefully picked audience obediently concurred. In an earlier news-analysis program Reagan's reply to charges of extremism was accompanied by a film of the American Nazi Party and followed by an interview with George Lincoln Rockwell. The present editor of the *London Times*, then Deputy Editor of the *Sunday Times*, wrote bitterly that California seemed to be going "to hell and Ronald Reagan."

British television cameras admiringly followed John Lindsay around during both his mayoral campaigns, and, after his re-election, the *Observer* reported: "New York suddenly seemed a saner, nicer place to live in because its electors had just returned John Lindsay to the thankless office of mayor."

The defendants in the Chicago conspiracy trial were, according to the *London Times*, "an engaging crowd of radical eccentrics." Its sister paper, the *Sunday Times*, described, in shocked tones, "the incredible 'Chicago Seven' hearing where anti-Establishment *thoughts* were on trial."

Over Vietnam the *London Times* coos even more doveishly than the *New York Times*. One editorial expressed the hope that America might come to see the war "not as it was first conceived, as holding a dike against Chinese or any other Communist expansion, but now, much more, as a barrier to all kinds of fruitful change."

The chief Washington correspondent of the *Times*, Louis Heren, deserves special notice. He has won prizes for his reporting of American affairs, and he was invited by the Eisenhower Commission on the Causes of Violence to contribute a balancing chapter on the strengths of the American system; both, perhaps, ominous signs.

He makes no secret of his own sympathies. He is proud, he says, to be associated with the television and press correspondents whom Vice President Agnew attacked. At the time of Goldwater's nomination he wrote about "the totalitarian hatred of the Goldwater camp for free comment."

His own comments are extremely free. At the beginning of 1968 he warned his readers about "the so-called conservatives who are prepared to combine with the racists to achieve victory for unregulated capitalism and the return of all their yesterdays. It is willful irresponsibility of the worst kind, but the men who tried to turn back the clock in 1964 by nominating Mr. Goldwater still largely control the Republican Party."

"McCarthyism," "racism," "reactionary conservatism," are expressions which come trippingly from his typewriter. He applies them to the supporters of Ronald Reagan and to the opponents of electoral reapportionment. Haynsworth and Carswell had been chosen by President Nixon for the Supreme Court, he explained, because of "their established inability to practice creative law." Comparing Nixon's strategy with Roosevelt's attempt to pack the Supreme Court, he commented: "Whatever the political wisdom of Franklin Roosevelt's efforts, his intention was honorable. In the heated circumstances of the present Mr. Nixon would be joining the yahoos and the Snopeses."

Political violence, he believes, is overwhelmingly the fault of conservatives, reactionaries and "defenders of the status quo." The Left, including "the majority of the revolutionary forces," is "essentially nonviolent"; and some even of the extremist minority turned to violence only "when constitutional means of expressing dissent were ignored."

THE POINT about Louis Heren is not that he is the worst British commentator on American affairs but that he is widely considered to be one of the best.

If the work of such commentators produces a somewhat distorted picture of what's really going on in America, it should be remembered that this distortion is matched, indeed exceeded, by the picture which America is now transmitting of herself in a steady stream of fashionable movies, television series, books, articles and protest songs. The old values have been replaced—or so it seems from across the Atlantic—by a relentless self-destructive carping. Only in a few simple Westerns and thrillers and unpretentious comedy shows can we, America's friends, still catch an echo of what we most loved and admired about her. I sigh for the lost innocence of Andy Hardy. □

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COVER STORY

Who would have thought Enoch Peters would have said NO!
When all the Steelworkers asked
Was a meager raise, salt and fresh water pools
and a Bandage Day? Not Dave McKee!

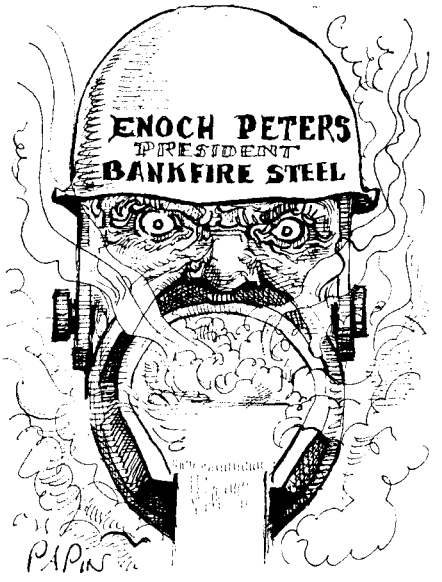
The Revolt of Enoch Peters

F. REID BUCKLEY

THERE WAS A TIME when Enoch Peters, President of Bankfire Steel, satisfied himself with the business of making a profit at the expense of the consumer—which was wonderfully fair, because that way he could give Dave McKee most everything Dave McKee wanted, thus maintaining what was known as a progressive business attitude. Those were the days when the ADA liked Enoch Peters almost as much as "Rocky," and when Dave McKee stated publicly that the only difference between Enoch Peters and himself was that Enoch Peters ran the largest steel company in America, whereas Dave McKee contented himself with running America.

Few people discerned the faults in Enoch Peters' character that eventually emerged under pressure. I refer, of course, to Enoch Peters' extraordinary view of his responsibility as President of Bankfire Steel. The directors who elected Peters to this high post had every reason to suspect the grossness of their error, but they were of the opinion that Peters' former connection with the union movement would please McKee—and until quite recently, everybody wished to please Dave McKee. It was considered at the time a most progressive appointment, although some critics pointed out that: a) Peters' highly profitable record as manager of the plant in Akron was to be suspected; b) Enoch Peters was a graduate of neither Yale College nor Harvard Business School nor Columbia's adult education program, and was therefore sadly ignorant of the true meaning of management statesmanship; and c) Enoch Peters thus remained under the untutored impression that the first business of a president of Bankfire Steel was to run a profitable business.

Enoch Peters, unlike Walter Reuther, Dave McKee, Harry Bridges and Jimmy



Hoffa, has no idea whatsoever of Social Responsibility.

I remember Enoch Peters that day in the spring of 1963, a stocky, broad-shouldered figure with the hands of a laborer. I remember the frown that creased even deeper the salt-and-leather complexion of his prairie background, and the eyes that in repose were as indeterminate a gray as pig-iron but that in anger could gleam like fired steel. They gleamed like fired steel now.

Enoch Peters' assistant, a well-bred young man with a doctorate in Labor-Management Relations and a Master's in Social Integratedness, found himself strangely nervous in the presence of his chief. He knew how such trifles as the spongy American market and the fierce new competitiveness of European steel had begun to obsess Enoch Peters. He sensed that the news he had brought to the office might, under the circumstances, cause Enoch Peters to put aside the higher obligations of Bankfire Steel for the sordid business of profit.

Enoch Peters muttered, "So Dave McKee is preparing another wage boost."

"Yes sir. Rumor has it he wants a twenty cent raise, salt and fresh water pools, Turkish baths, burgundy for French-origin workers at coffee breaks, chianti for those of Italian origin, a Bandage Day. . . ."

"And what in Jerusalem is that?"

"A paid holiday when all the workers wear bandages—provided by the company—to symbolize the sick-leave they were gypped out of because they failed to get sick."

Enoch Peters grunted, always a bad sign. "The contract's up in July, isn't it?"

"The sixteenth, sir."

"Well, young feller, what do you suggest we do?"

Young Feller was animated by the question. His aristocratic face crispened as he spoke. "I think we could get away with offering a five cent raise, fresh water pools only, a French Bath—which I happen to know, sir, is really no bath at all—Virginia Dare wine regardless of creed or color or national origin, and a Bandage Day with workers buying their own bandages."

Enoch Peters said, "This sounds good to you—you honestly think we ought to offer it?"

"Why yes, sir," said the assistant. "That way we can compromise on about ten cents an hour more, fresh water pools with salt water showers, an American bath with no Kohler fixtures, two glasses of Virginia Dare, and a Bandage Day in which we go splits on the splints."

"You call that a compromise?" queried Enoch Peters, enunciating the word strangely.

The young man had courage. "Sir," he said, "you've got to offer something.

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After all, that's the whole substance and meaning of the collective bargaining procedure: The union demands, and we . . ."

"Give," Enoch Peters exploded. "Now listen here, feller, I've got another idea about compromise—and it don't mean raising prices on every ton of steel every damn year. For five years I've played along with Dave McKee, and I'm getting damn sick of the pay-off. I'm going to dictate a release. You set?"

Enoch Peters paced the room as he spoke, interrupting himself every now and then to admonish, "Keep writing, feller!" When he had finished he wheeled on his assistant. "You got that down? Well, fix it up nice and send it out. Feller, you all right?"

Enoch Peters bent down and picked up his assistant from the floor, looped him over his broad right shoulder and walked out of his office. Depositing the limp young man on his secretary's desk, Enoch Peters said, "Give him some Virginia Dare, and tell him to call the papers this afternoon."

President Boy

Dave McKee received a clipping of the release from a runner while he was watching his Belmont Stakes candidate work out on the private half-mile track of the Want-More Farm, a recreational area provided by the Pittsburgh Steelers Working International (PSWI) for its officers who happened to own race horses. Dave McKee, who was a big man, read the release and roared as only a big man trained in union rallies knows how to roar.

"That slimy, stinking, illegitimate b-----d! That back-stabber! He won't get away with this! Send me the President!"

In the interval, Dave McKee tried to turn his full attention to the three year old galloping around the track. But he could not. Damn that Enoch Peters! For twenty years Dave McKee had had Bankfire Steel whipped. He yanked the clipping out of his pocket. He began foaming at the mouth as he read it over: "Bankfire Steel announced today a demand by the management directed at Pittsburgh Steelers Working International that the union be prepared to accept a 10 per cent cut in wages by July 16, the revocation of pensions for workers who do not fulfill production standards, a guaranteed annual profit for the company to be paid out of union funds, a contribution by the union to Bankfire Steel's new Educational Fund for Intelligent Government, and a position on the union's executive committee. Enoch Peters, President of Bankfire Steel, further announced that if these conditions are not met by the July 16 deadline, Bankfire Steel will close down its Pittsburgh plant, the plant at Akron and the plant at Detroit. Mr. Peters, while refusing comment (the company's information officer was indisposed), did mention a faltering American market and the uncompetitive position of Bankfire Steel in relation to European steel."

Dave McKee tore the clipping to shreds. He had suspected such a thing might happen. Peters had often beaten McKee to the punch. Dave McKee fingered his broken nose that had happened when they were both union organizers and rivals. Damn Peters! There was no buffaloing him. He had about as much respect for public opinion as Dave McKee had. Peters was a fighter, and that was something Dave McKee hadn't had to deal with in twenty years.

An hour of black thoughts went by, and then a helicopter came hovering through the cloud-netted Maryland skies, finally settling on the track's in-pasture.

The tall, mopheaded fellow who unlimbered from the helicopter waved hesitantly at Dave McKee. Dave McKee favored the visitor with a hard stare. The clean-cut looking fellow dropped his hand and started toward Dave McKee, dodging the horse as he crossed the chopped-up sand.

When the visitor had approached within barking distance, Dave McKee barked, "You read that release from Bankfire Steel?"

"Yes, Dave," the tall fellow answered promptly, tousling his hair as he came closer.

"Well, what are you going to do about it!"

"Do about it, Dave?" He had come to a stop within ten feet of McKee. He did not venture further.

"Karr-rissmas! You run again in less than two years, boy, and don't you forget who put you where you are! Bobble this one, boy, and I'll send you back to your Boston tea parties."

The tall fellow tousled his hair into knots. He perspired, which did not look well on his collegiate features. "Dave," he said, smiling as brightly as he knew how, "I got that little matter attended to. It was hard, Dave, but one of the two ought to be nominated."

Dave McKee was still thinking of the release. "What matter, boy? This matter of that blasted Peters is the matter I want fixed up!"

The tall fellow wiped his face. "Dave, I got Jimmy or Walter lined up with enough votes in the Senate to put them in. Wayne Morse and Clinton Anderson are making the nominating speeches, and they count for a lot. You know the record they both have for scrutinizing Presidential nominees for personal integrity and mental balance. One of them particularly is eager to make the nomination speech, Dave, because ever since he was kicked in the head by a horse, he's never, ever turned his back on a horse's derrière. Either Walter or Jimmy will be the next Secretary of Labor, Dave. Aren't you pleased? Dave, my oldest and truest friend, aren't you pleased?"

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"That was in the cards," Dave McKee said brutally. "I'm not talking about old deals, boy. I want to know what the hell you've done about Bankfire Steel. Any government contracts you can cut Peters out of?"

No, No, No!

"No, Dave," the tall fellow ruefully admitted. "There's one contract in the offing, and Bankfire Steel's got it. Peters is a tough nut to crack. He's no gentleman, Dave, not one-of-us at all—you can't either buy him or intimidate him. He's underbid the other companies, and by law. . . ."

"When the hell did the law ever get in the way of PSWI!"

"Yes, Dave, I know it's not supposed to apply against your best interests. But you can't very well legally punish a person when he hasn't done anything illegal, and there's no law against Peters' contract-demand that I know of."

Dave McKee blew out his cheeks. "Listen, boy, that's just why we've got to smash this s.o.b., or all the other companies are going to start the same kind of foolishness."

But Boy shook his locks. "Don't see how. I really don't. You'll just have to work it out yourself, Dave."

"And you," Dave said between gritted teeth, "will just have to find your own votes. If we don't win this fight, boy. . . . Now get back to Washington until I call for you."

Boy tried to smile—that appealing, youthful smile that sent shivers through women at political rallies—but Dave McKee did not respond. Boy walked with slumped, divinely tailored shoulders to the waiting whirlybird, and in moments he was whirled back into the clouds from which he had dropped.

The fight was on. Dave McKee appealed immediately to the National Labor Relations Board, a fair and objective arbiter of management-labor disputes, as everybody knows, that provides labor unions with government-paid economists who ask the unions what they want, and then work up the figures justifying it. But the news was discouraging.

"What's wrong with a Bankfire Educational Fund?" said one member of the NLRB. "Sounds like a fine idea to me."

"Idiot!" said Dave McKee. "That's just a ruse to influence the workers' vote. I ought to know, for Pete's sake! What d'you think we use our Fund for?"

A silence followed these words, a sort of an embarrassed silence. One by one, the members of the NLRB suggested that Dave McKee compromise, which was the damnedest thing Dave McKee had ever heard of. "That's not the meaning of compromise!" he yelled, but they didn't seem to understand. "Sure it is," a member replied. "Just tell Peters you'll only accept a three-cent cut in wages."

Dave McKee brought his fist down on the table, breaking it in two. "We're not supposed to compromise on demands by management. They're supposed to compromise on our demands. Have you guys forgotten the meaning of the word? This is a National Emergency, you fools!"

So Dave McKee's Educational Fund was put on overtime. McKee himself called up various Intellectuals of the Highest Order, and gave them their orders. Within a week, there were long, scholarly articles by Professors Galbrough and Heshinger proving that the threat of closing down Bankfire Steel plants was an arrogant attack on Freedom of Inflation. The *Nation* devoted a whole issue to a discussion of the question: "Peters and Perdition: A Natural Corollary?"; and *Playboy*'s playmate of the month was a nude mill of busted proportions. All by itself, the Educational Fund churned out comic books, pamphlets and economic studies, and wherever members of the Fund met with louts who refused to grow in beauty and wisdom under the influence of the Word alone, they helped them along by recourse to those other methods so dearly traditional to the union movement: Those who did not grow in beauty and wisdom certainly grew in bumps and bruises.

Counterattack

Unfortunately, Enoch Peters had taken to the field. Using ferocious words in a director's meeting—quite shocking the gentlemen assembled by calling them nasty, gutless sons-of-riches—he reached down into reserve funds and financed a propaganda drive of his own. The Peters argument: Higher wages without higher productivity, producing higher prices, would drive American steel out of all world markets, including the American.

Enoch Peters' punches were all of the sneak variety. Not since McCarthy had well-bred people been so disgusted. He started a new comic strip, called L'il Dabner (imagine using a comic strip for ideological propaganda!) which broadcast such heart-rendering appeals as this: "If'n Bigraft Boss don't give Catpatch workers a break by cutt' down on his demands for mo' powk chops outta the pore ol' Catpatch powkbarrel, then L'il Dabner an' Dizzy Mae is a-goin' tuh find themselfs a-suckin' the lean bone o' pros-prity, coz the powk plant run by Charity Charlie is a-goin' tuh end up with nary a ham to share around."

Fortunately, there are laws protecting our children against obscene and degrading literature, and the Legion of Decency suddenly discovered itself, somewhat to its surprise, recommended by the publishers of *Lady Loverly's Chattel,* praised in *Publishers' Weekly* and profiled in the *New Yorker*. Dave McKee, righteously wrathful, won the prefabricated sympathy of the League of Women Voters. But Enoch Peters' wife organized the League of Women Consumers, far outnumbering the Voters, as any fool (or husband) knows. Not since Lysistrata had such feminine vengefulness been demonstrated. So many poison-perfume letters odoriferated Dave McKee's Central Headquarters that the whole staff was driven into the streets, choking and coughing, and there the League of Women Consumers pounced on them, shrilling, "Wretches! You dare raise the price of bobbypins? Take that, and that, and that!"

No Filibuster

Dave McKee fled to the quiet halls of Congress, for years his favorite clubhouse. There he clubbed representatives into declaring that the threat of Bankfire Steel to close down merited government seizure of the steel mills. But Peters had already been around to see the legislators, and had impressed some of them with the spiritual advantages to them of his company's new Educational Fund by likening its purpose to union educational funds. He thereby convinced the more spiritually minded senators, who hinted that there was life in the old filibuster yet. As Congress was getting anxious to disband for its summer recess, the very hint of a filibuster was horrifying indeed. Dave McKee's bill was quietly shuffled to the bottom of the deck, from which Dave McKee, ironically enough, had so often dealt.

Sensing that he was being outflanked, McKee turned to the courts, pleading for an injunction against Bankfire Steel. But Bankfire Steel countered immediately: It

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wouldn't be the company's fault, after all, if McKee's intransigency forced a shutdown. Hadn't Dave McKee often said he couldn't be held responsible if company obduracy forced a strike? Besides, Dave McKee's refusal to negotiate was a violation of the principle of Togetherness; a point Enoch Peters pounded home in a series of addresses before consumer groups, to whom he promised a big slash in the cost of living if Bankfire Steel could reduce its price per ton by even one dollar. The court heard both pleas, and read the newspaper accounts of angry consumer demonstrations; and as the courts have learned to write laws according to opinion instead of opinions according to law, the members of the tribunal decided to postpone action until Gallup was heard from.

Dave McKee took to the billboards, plastering the country with anti-Peters statements. Enoch Peters struck back with an aerial campaign, hiring jets to loop slogans out of their vapor trails, the end of each slogan punctuated by a sonic boom. Dave McKee cursed as one morning the window of his penthouse shattered, and he stuck his head out to see the Peters jet acrobats at work.

But they gave him an idea. Dave McKee knew a fellow in the space exploration program. He had this friend sneak a specially designed sending set into the instrument section of the next rocket. Every pick-up station on earth would hear the blipped repetitions of these words: "Enoch Peters, blip, is a, blip, Skunk. Blip."

Sad to tell, cosmic storms interfered with reception for two weeks, but when the storms cleared, the sending set began blipping from the satellite's orbit around Mars. The message read. "This, bloop, is Mars. Bloop-bloop. We've heard of Peters, but, bloop, what's a Skunk"—on record as the first contact with intelligent beings from outer space.

A Meaningful Dialogue

Frustrated, furious, Dave McKee sent for the President.

But the President did not come.

Aghast, Dave McKee betook himself to the White House. President Boy greeted his old patron with befitting solemnity, brushing his hair for the occasion. President Boy, indeed, was feeling awfully solemn. There seemed to be a new wind in the political air, and President Boy was no person to inhale deeply of whatever the windbags portended.

His greeting, therefore, was a somewhat distant "H'lo, Dave."

"Let's cut out the bilge and talk!" said Dave (which was transcribed by reporters as, "We have some serious business to discuss, Mr. President").

"What about, Dave?"

"Don't give me a lot of lip!" said Dave McKee (transcripted as: "It would be against the best interests of the nation not to be frank").

"I suppose you're adverting to Bankfire Steel," said President Boy, locks as skew as could be.

"You're damn well right I'm talking about Bankfire Steel. When the hell are you going to crack down, boy!" (Transcribed: "That is indeed the purpose of my business; what will you do, Mr. President, to avert this danger to the nation?")

President Boy (who was growing up all the time) said, "I'm getting an awful lot of mail in Enoch Peters' support, Dave—plenty of it from your own workers."

"That's no news to me, you stupid a--." ("I am aware of the fact.") "I've got a damned revolt on my hands." ("Some workers have been deceived.")

"Well, why don't you take a sensible attitude, Dave, and offer to meet Peters halfway? Hoffa and Reuther are running into trouble on that nomination business. If you don't compromise. . . ."

"Me compromise!" This was followed by a mighty "&$%!!*!!!," (which was officially transcribed as, ". . . . . ," with a note explaining, "Mr. McKee reflected."

"Yes," said President Boy, "why don't you just settle for no raise at all in a solid three-year contract? Settle the whole business, you know."

A Contract

But Dave McKee was not of a mind to settle the business so humiliatingly. He stormed all over the country. One after another, Wayne Morse, Estes Kefauver, Pat McNamara, Eleanor Roosevelt, Joseph Rauh and a slew of other figures on Dave McKee's ideological payroll, trailed him, crying their little havocs to his big one. But Enoch Peters had purchased two warehouses from the Department of Agriculture, and these people, including Dave McKee himself, were met by a hail of rotten eggs, of which the consumer, apparently, was having no more. On July 15, a trembling President Boy addressed the two Houses of Congress in emergency session, and a Gallup injunction was issued against the PSWI for fomenting riot, for refusing to bargain and for fussbudgeting in general. Dave McKee's expert eye then took stock of the situation. Although he knew it was the end of the good old days, he signed a contract with Enoch Peters that guaranteed the status quo for three more years and pegged further wage raises or reductions to a productivity index.

Enoch Peters rested. □

"Everything is moving too fast. Now they're middle class."

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LETTER FROM OBERAMMERGAU

The Current Passions

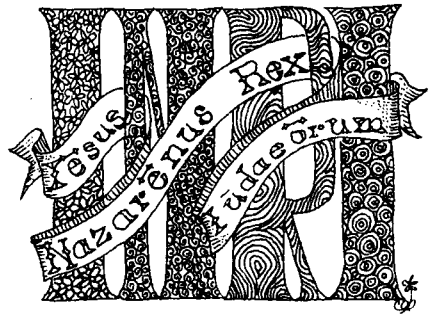
HAROLD O. J. BROWN

THIS YEAR in Oberammergau, Upper Bavaria, the famous Passion Play is being performed for the 36th time since 1634. Thus the villagers are slightly ahead of the vow made in 1633 to perform it once every ten years from then on. Unfortunately, the 1970 Passion Play season has been perturbed by frequent charges that the play is antisemitic, charges which have made themselves felt in the cancellation of numerous block bookings from America. Protests by the American Jewish Congress and by the Anti-Defamation League of B'nai B'rith caused Lufthansa to stop advertising special Passion Play tours. Nevertheless, the play is sold out: There were 1,500,000 applications for a total of 520,000 available places, and at the present time only a few returned tickets remain available for this season's performances, which—things being what they are—may well be the last performance of the Passion Play in its traditional form.

In a sense the protest seems to be part of a widespread American and British tendency to think the worst possible things about West Germany, which remains the strongest European element in the North Atlantic alliance. They also bear some resemblance on the German scene, Oberammergau being in Catholic and conservative Bavaria, to the popular American pastime of lampooning the Bible Belt and its unsophisticated, but just possibly genuine, piety. It is hard to know what to make of them as applied to the Passion Play. They are not confined to Jewish sources, which cannot be blamed for exhibiting a certain sensitivity toward what Germans—any Germans—say about Jews. Liberal Catholics, taking their cue from Vatican II and from Reinhold Niebuhr's invective against evangelizing the Jews for Christ, have also contributed their piece. Is the Passion Play antisemitic, and is that the important question to ask about it today?

Is the play antisemitic? It all depends on how you look at it: If you insist on looking upon the Jewish adversaries of Jesus as Jews *par excellence*, and forgetting the fact that Jesus Himself, like all his Apostles, was, in St. Paul's words, a Hebrew of the Hebrews, then it is—but so is the New Testament. It is true that in the play Annas and Caiaphas, the High Priests, come off very badly, but they come off badly in the Gospels too. There is something in the play which is not found in the Gospels: The Temple vendors and money-changers whose tables were overthrown by Jesus become His active adversaries, and the priestly conspirators stir up the Jerusalem mob by appealing to them as "sturdy Israelites" and pleading with them to strike a blow for Moses, "our holy tradition" and "our faith." Of course the "sturdy Israelites" could be an antisemitic touch, but the "holy tradition" bit could be a Protestant attack on Catholicism and the "our faith" looks like a bit of Enlightenment propaganda against religious enthusiasm. In any case, it is clearly the Play's intention to proclaim Jesus as the direct and legitimate heir of Moses, who appears in the final "Living Picture," a tableau of the Resurrection, holding the Tables of the Law.

The charge that the Passion Play is antisemitic and therefore racist can itself be called a racist ruse: By alleging that the play makes the Jews the Bad Guys, it provokes us to think in racial terms, and thus to forget the fact that in the Passion Play, as in the New Testament, the real evil does not lie in a particular race but in the unrepentant human heart. The tragic guilt of the priests is not a Jewish failure, but a human one. Annas, like every other human who has done good or evil, has a name and a family and a nation, and through accident (or rather divine Providence) that nation is Jewish. But for modern Jews to protest that Annas is being pilloried as a Jew is to forget Shylock's plea that the Jew is also a man, and that deeds such as those of Annas come all too easily to men of every race and nation. The priests and the embittered Temple money-changers do not represent Judaism but mankind and the typical human predilection for taking a divine commission and turning it into a matter of personal prestige and privilege. Today the World Council of Churches bases its criticism of exiled Rumanian pastor Richard Wurmbrand inter alia on the plausible argument that his attacks on Communism cause Communist authorities to revoke the meager privileges they have granted Christians behind the Iron Curtain. Would it be anti-Christian to dramatize the conflict between the WCC and Wurmbrand? The willingness to invent charges to protect one's own privileges is not a Jewish failing but a human one.



ALL IN ALL, allowing for the rustic setting and the amateur status of the performers (one has to be born in Oberammergau or to have lived there for twenty years to take part), the Passion Play gives a reasonably accurate and straightforward presentation of the New Testament story: the betrayal of Jesus Christ by the ranking ecclesiastical authorities of His day, the craven capitulation of the representative of law and order, Pontius Pilate, to the demands of a mass demonstration, and the final divine righting of the balance in the Resurrection. None of this is necessarily easy to take, especially if one recognizes oneself and one's own vices in the characters, and the final point requires an act of faith. As such it will all be anathema to a good part of the twentieth-century world. So be it: If we do not like the New Testament story, there is no reason why we should like the Passion Play. It is no accident that Christmas pageants are far more popular than Passion plays. We have the right—and the obligation—to respond to the Passion story as our understanding and our conscience lead us, and indeed it might all have been a quarrel between first-century Palestinian religious fanatics. There are many questions involved here: questions of fact, of history and of the individual's own decision of faith. Let us not confuse the issue—and miss the point—of the Passion Play or of the Gospels by calling it racism. □

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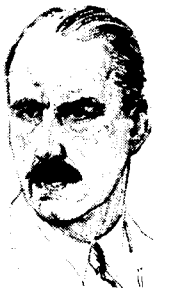

THE RUSSIANS IN THE MEDITERRANEAN

LETTER FROM THE CONTINENT

Of the five inland seas: the Caspian, the Red, the Baltic, the Black and the Mediterranean, all are largely controlled by the Soviet Union or about to become so.

In the Mediterranean Communist control is still far from complete, but it is progressing. The presence of an ever-increasing Soviet fleet is probably not even the gravest menace: Many military experts consider the accumulation of a large number of ships in a relatively small area a rather unwise form of aggressive demonstration. From a strategic point of view the maritime age may be a thing of the past—in an air age ships are vulnerable.

Still, Mediterranean sea lanes retail their mercantile importance at all times and Soviet penetration of the Mediterranean follows political rather than military considerations. Also thanks to their political penetration of the area the Soviets also have gained control of the important airfields which make control of the Bosporus and the Dardanelles unnecessary. Planes have minimized the importance of the Straits and with it the age-old ambition to incorporate the Second Rome, *Tsargrad* (as Istanbul is called in all Slav languages). In order to become a Mediterranean power the Russians no longer need control of the exit through the Hellespont.

Helpful Traumas

Two factors helped the USSR in its political assault on the Mediterranean: 1) "Decolonization" in the Maghreb (French North Africa) and neighboring Libya and 2) the Arab trauma resulting from their last two defeats by the Israelis. The fact that the USSR was the first country to recognize the new state of Israel has long since been forgotten. Soviet policy has strengths which no democracy can imitate. It is free of promises, sentimental attachments, treaties, signatures, popular trends: none of these is important to the Soviet rulers. A reversal, totally ignoring ideological commitments, is possible at any time.

The country with the closest Soviet ties in the Maghreb is Algeria; it was actively supported by the Soviets in its fight against the French—and received moral aid from the United States, vide Senator John F. Kennedy's fiery anti-French and "anti-colonialist" speech of 1957, which did much to stir anti-American feelings in France. De Gaulle, certain that he could not simultaneously fight American public opinion and the USSR and convinced that a country as poor as Algeria was not worth the military expenditure, decided to cut his losses, leaving the country, as he put it, "to the loving care of the Russians and the Americans" to whom he wished good luck. But the Americans failed to step into a vacuum they were not prepared to fill.

It is good at a time like this—a decade or more since independence in the Maghreb—to see what is going on. Russian ties with Tunisia are weak, but this is not so with Morocco and Libya. It matters little that the USSR is an atheistic power whereas the Christians, according to Moslem tenets, are "People of the Book" (like the Jews); what matters more than anything else is the Arab world's grudge against Christendom. The conviction that the West—or, at least, important parts of it—stands solidly behind the Israelis is very strong and for many Arabs absolutely essential because it makes it possible to explain and to excuse their three defeats within 22 years.

Russia's vision of expansion into the Mediterranean is not only inspired by memories of the old Russian dream of a "liberation of Tsargrad," it is also nourished by far more realistic considerations: domination of one of the world's most important arteries of transportation, including the Suez Canal, control of the Near Eastern oil resources, cooperation of the Arab world in the struggle against the West, including military and naval bases in North Africa from which to threaten Southern Europe, the separation of Europe from the African world and the countries around the Indian Ocean. These are cogent, understandable reasons for the present Soviet military policy.

Into the Vacuum

Finally, there is the fear that, if the USSR does not fill this vacuum, Communist China will. And this is not such an unfounded fear. With the withdrawal of the French, British and Italians from the area a vacuum has been created comparable to the one created by the destruction of the German and Japanese military machines after World War II. And Peking has been busy. It is a dominant foreign influence in Tanzania and in the Congo (Brazzaville). It is building an important railway and three radio transmitters in Zambia. When built, these powerful transmitters will be used to propagandize Black Africa for Chairman Mao. The Soviet Union watches these developments with alarm.

The new states in the Maghreb and their would-be overlord in Moscow are striving to fill a void whose nature, size, location and purpose most American politicians have never grasped, though they helped to create it. The Soviets are playing on hatred, envy and jealousy, and doing so effectively in an area of old, encrusted, deep rooted hatreds. And they have their eye on Italy too which hangs like a ripe fruit from the tree of Europe into the Mediterranean.

The presence of the Soviet fleet in the Mediterranean could intimidate those who would like to overturn Italy's present non-functioning democratic government which is dear to the Marxists because it is an ideal framework for the conquest of a country. Italy is at a crossroad, and a revolutionary strong-man coup d'état is not to be discounted. The polls indicate the people are ready for it. What is lacking is the leader. □

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NEGROES AND THE GOP

Black Americans Want In

VINCENT S. BAKER

NO PHENOMENON recurs more frequently in human affairs than persecution for nonconformity. Differences in dress, in language, in customs, in religion and in political thinking arouse hostility and suspicion.

The great American irony is that while Negroes differ from others in color, the numberless outrages that have been committed against them amount to persecution for conformity—for trying to be like everybody else. It may seem incredible, but it is profoundly true that the vast majority of Negro Americans, including our youth, want in, not out; that we want to share the American dream, not destroy it. Indeed, if you look into the hate-filled eyes of the violent minority of Negro youth with insight as well as sight, what you are likely to see are tears born of their years of rejection and ostracism.

No epoch in American history between 1619 and 1865 is more glorious than the struggle of black men and women—and decent white men and women—to tear down the fence built on slavery, which in effect said to Negroes: You can't get out. And no epoch is more glorious than that of the crusade from 1865 to the present to destroy the fence built on segregation and terror, which in effect says: You can't get in.

The image of the Negro slave content with his lot but for the agitation of Northern meddlers, was concocted by ignorant or dishonest historians and novelists, and is false. The records of Southern courts tell of no fewer than two hundred slave insurrections, the two most notable led by Denmark Vesey in 1821 and by Nat Turner in 1831. These revolts were, in their way, in the American tradition. Englishmen came to these shores to escape religious persecution, Irishmen came to escape the famines and Germans came to escape hangman's noose.

And when was patriotism more important than it was from 1861 to 1865 when more than 200,000 black men joined the Union army and navy? "Liberty won by white men would lose half its luster. Who would be free themselves must strike the blow," wrote black abolitionist leader Frederick Douglass. In April 1865 Abraham Lincoln said that but for the coming of Negroes into the military forces the war would have been lost.

A share in the American dream is the right of every American citizen native-born or naturalized. And Negroes have buttressed their claim in all of America's wars—from Boston Commons in 1770 to Vietnam in 1970. Just as surely as they have defended America in her hour of need, Negroes have rejected, and still reject, efforts to separate them from their fellow countrymen. They rejected the colonization programs of the 1830s, the Garvey movement of the 1920s and they reject the incoherent ravings of today's self-styled liberators. Straw polls and expressions at the ballot box testify to present-day attitudes.

In Harlem in 1968 Dick Gregory and Panther leader Eldridge Cleaver together got less than one-half of 1 per cent of the vote. In Cleveland, Gary, Newark, and Fayette, Negroes have flocked to the standards of moderates, not extremists. Where Mayors Stokes, Hatcher, Evers and Gibson are militant is in their demand that America practice what it preaches. To demand less would be un-American.

I have said that we Negroes want in. But we don't want to *submerge* ourselves in a white society. We want to be recognized as equals. We are increasingly aware and proud of our own history and culture, and we expect to give to American society as well as receive from it.

Jim Crow, Democrat

Despite the voting pattern of the last four decades, I believe that the natural habitat for Negroes is the Republican Party. We need the Republican Party and the Republican Party needs us.

The Democratic Party, beginning with Franklin D. Roosevelt's Administration, set class against class; it made many people believe that the world owed them a living, that the Republican Party was the party of the rich. But it is worth remembering that this demagoguery was accompanied by deeds: social security, minimum wage laws, unemployment insurance, public housing, the legally enforced right of collective bargaining, and prominent positions in the Federal Government for people like Mary McLeod Bethune and Robert C. Weaver.

The propaganda value of these economic benefits in the Negro community is obvious. The effect of projecting a black woman like Mrs. Bethune—brilliant, competent, dedicated—should not be overlooked. It bespoke recognition; Republicans had done nothing like it since Theodore Roosevelt invited Booker T. Washington to lunch at the beginning of the century.

Democrats had a good thing going and they knew it. Until very recently they pulled off the political miracle of holding the solid South *and* carrying the black communities of the North—holding the loyalties of James Eastland and Adam Clayton Powell at the same time.

The Democrats had won the propaganda battle whereas in fact Republicans had done much of the work. It was they who enacted the Thirteenth, Fourteenth and Fifteenth Amendments and the laws which implemented them. It was they who enacted the civil rights laws in Northern states, and the first fair employment laws after World War II. It was under President Eisenhower that the first civil rights laws of this century at the federal level were enacted, and under him that segregation was ended in the military services, the nation's capital and in interstate travel.

The record of the Republican Party is not tarnished by a single Jim Crow law in any state, by exclusion of any race from its primaries, or by the preaching of racial bigotry by any of its prominent members—no Maddoxes, no Faubuses, no Wallaces.

Yet Republican blunders and ineptness in the field of propaganda and public relations with the Negro population defy description. Indeed, had the Republican National Committee set about consciously to lose the Negro vote, it could scarcely have succeeded more completely.

One example will suffice. The Republicans have never publicized the fact that it was Richard Nixon's rulings as president of the Senate that paved the way for the enactment of the Civil Rights Acts of 1957 and 1960. Mr. Nixon failed to comment when Dr. Martin Luther King

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Jr. was arrested in Atlanta in 1960. John Kennedy made his famous phone call. And JFK won 80 per cent of the Negro vote—and the election. The cruel irony here is that his civil rights record until that time was worse than that of any Northern Democrat. He and Lyndon Johnson voted with the South in key votes on the 1957 law.

There is a propaganda vacuum in Negro communities. Negroes who run for office on the GOP ticket "run for exercise" and for appointive jobs—which they may or may not get. The loudly trumpeted Southern strategy of the Nixon Administration is not going to help.

The decades of one-party rule in black communities have produced massive decay—physical, social and moral, as well as political. A party which believes it has the next election in the bag has no incentive to do anything for the people. A party which believes that it cannot win, whatever it does, has no incentive either. Negro Democrats who are intellectually honest admit this privately; some say it publicly.

The American political system has not worked out in the black communities. They are under the sway of one party—the Democratic Party—and that party has given rise to riots, despair, cynicism, subversion and, yes, rampant crime. The road to domestic tranquility through justice is straight and simple, even if the answers are not. Its guideposts are consistent with Americanism—with Republicanism. Hard facts will have to be faced. Hard decisions will have to be made. Some discredited dogmas and some ignoble alliances will have to be repudiated.

Opportunity Wanted

Negro communities, with few exceptions, are economic colonies, with almost all business of consequence owned by whites, and almost all Negroes employed in the private sector of the economy are employed by whites. Opportunities for vastly increased ownership of businesses by Negroes—black capitalism, if you will—must be provided by government and by business leaders. And this program must be high on the scale of national priorities.

Some figures in this connection may be helpful. At the present rate of progress, Negroes will achieve equality in clerical work by the year 1992, engineering by 2005, sales by 2011, law practice by 2114 and business by the year 2730.

With the ending of economic colonialism will come an end to political colonialism. Campaigns cost money. The ability of black political leaders in both major parties to champion the interests of their people depends on their ability to finance their efforts without having to "go downtown." Unless this problem is solved, people at the grass roots will turn in growing numbers to irresponsible demagogues.

In all of the social upheaval, all of the talk about polarization and racial strife, two developments of great significance have received very little attention. One is the change in the character of what has been known as the civil rights movement. The other is the emergence of a large and growing segment of Negroes who are concerned about expanding opportunities for material well-being and the preservation of those values which make the good life possible.

The civil rights struggle is nearing an end. More often than not, people who talk about it are really talking about the struggle for social reform. The two are related, but they are not the same. The battle lines and the alliances are quite different. When we are talking about equal justice under law, every one from the late Senator Dirksen to Gus Hall of the Communist Party would support remedial legislation. And virtually all Negroes will support it. When it comes to the guaranteed annual income, the quartering of welfare recipients in luxury apartment, building housing in the suburbs, or forcing department stores to extend credit to persons on public assistance, that's something else. Negroes, like Americans in general, are divided on these issues.

Those who are opposed to the welfare state, to public policies which encourage indolence and irresponsibility, would do well to note this difference. They will find allies in that emerging segment of Negroes to whom I have referred. And who is in this group? Almost everyone who feels that given a chance, he can make it. This includes the boy in the tenement, who is part of a training program for computer operators, and the mother who looks forward to the day when she can put her young children into a day-care center so that she can go to work. They resent the bums, the free-loaders, the pushers and the muggers.

The decent black Americans, who want to better themselves and their surroundings, are the majority. They are usually a voiceless majority, for almost all black politicians and other "leaders" still pander to the hustlers, the loudmouths and the extremists who want to keep the black community out of the mainstream so that they can exploit it.

Reluctant Followers

But once in a while the decent majority finds its voice. When the New York City (Harlem) Branch of the NAACP issued its first report on crime in December 1968, Harlem's political leaders reacted by saying nothing. They heard from the people through letters to newspapers, calls to radio and TV stations, public meetings and the like. Only then did they come out with strong statements in support of the report thus seeming to lead the people when in fact they had followed them. In the controversy over the illegal occupation of the State Office Building site in Harlem and in the occupation of religious institutions, the people made their views known in various ways. The politicians followed—reluctantly.

For the great majority of Negroes in our big cities, law and order is not a code phrase for white racism. It is a crying necessity, for we live under an unbelievable terror by day and night. We hold no brief for crime or criminals. We are their chief victims. Help from our fellow Americans would be welcome. We even believe that non-criminals have civil rights.

I am not quite certain what a conservative is. But if he is one who would preserve the free enterprise system, the Constitution of the United States, the integrity of the courts, the military security of the nation and the spiritual values which buttress these concepts and institutions, he will find Negro Americans to be his staunchest allies. But conservatives must make it clear that they reject racism and racists. Wallace, Maddox and their ilk are not conservatives. They are reactionaries—whose spiritual ancestors came close to destroying the nation a little over a century ago. Today our country is again a house divided against itself. It can be reunited only by a new birth of freedom.

Black Americans want in. When they are in, America will have found new strength, and the enemies of freedom at home and abroad will take note and take warning. □

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LETTER FROM SALISBURY

How It Goes in Rhodesia

JOHN PHILLIPS

THREE EVENTS over the past few months could have a profound influence on the future of Southern Africa. The most recent, of course, was Edward Heath's remarkable victory at the British polls. His Conservative Party is committed to resuming arms sales to South Africa, which came to an abrupt halt during the tortuous years of his incredible predecessor. While the embargo had little effect on the modernization of South Africa's military forces, since there were several French, Swiss and West German manufacturers hovering in the background only too anxious to fill the vacuum, it did have a major impact on the psyche of both nations, particularly South Africa. Within hours of Heath's victory the lesions started to heal.

It is quite possible that Britain will now exercise her treaty rights to the Simonstown naval base on the Indian Ocean as part of the Tory strategy to maintain military forces East of Suez.

The second significant event in recent weeks was Prime Minister John Vorster's extended visit to Europe. In all probability he sought associate membership of the European Economic Community for his country, particularly important if Britain enters the Common Market. This, however, would be a relatively long-term objective. Of more immediate importance to South Africa is the completion of the Cabora Bassa hydroelectric scheme in Mozambique; its future has been placed in jeopardy by the withdrawal of three financial backers—Sweden, Italy and the World Bank. There can be little doubt that Mr. Vorster's discussions with top West German and French government officials was aimed at strengthening their will to go ahead with Portugal and South Africa in co-financing the $450 million first stage of this ambitious development. The Cabora Bassa project is in the grand design for a Southern African strategy involving South Africa, Portugal and Rhodesia as the principal partners.

The third event was the landslide of Ian Smith's Rhodesian Front party in April's election. He swept all fifty seats allotted to white voters, in the process thrashing the ultra-liberal Center Party and the ultra-conservative Republican Alliance. This impressive display of solidarity on the part of the Rhodesian electorate is bound to influence Prime Minister Edward Heath when honing his African policy.

However, Rhodesians and South Africans should not indulge in any wishful thinking. Rhodesia is the pariah of the United Nations. It is almost impossible to describe the loathing and detestation many Africans and Asians, not to mention some Western liberals, hold for this country.

The future of Rhodesia has to be seen in this climate. So a radical shift in British policy is unlikely in the near future; the most Rhodesians can hope to expect is a gradual softening in the application of sanctions. After all, Mr. Heath has shown no public sympathy for the Smith approach to independence.

Any concessions Mr. Heath may make to Rhodesia probably will be the result of a rightward pull by Enoch Powell and his now more numerous parliamentary group of supporters than of personal preference.

A New Stamp Act

More than a week before election day I met one of Rhodesia's most prominent liberals. Mournfully he predicted disaster at the polls. Over mugs of Castle beer he wrung his gnarled hands at the behavior of British and American politicians toward his country. He was convinced the United States had backed British sanctions in exchange for support of its Vietnam policy. And in view of his overseas connection his conjecture could well hold more than a grain of truth.

Sanctions, as far as he was concerned, amounted to folly. Instead of expediting Rhodesia's collapse and bringing moderate men to the fore, they had driven most of the population into the Smith laager. And economically the country is probably healthier today than at any time in its history. "London was told what would happen, but they wouldn't listen . . . and they're still not listening," he murmured gravely. "The way they're acting, you'd think they want Smith in power for ever. They're so petty." The last comment was a reference to a recent British decree that refuses to recognize Rhodesian postage stamps.

It would be pointless denying that economic sanctions have not caused some belt-tightening, particularly during the first twelve months or so following their application four years ago. There were severe shortages of many commodities, particularly gasoline. But once trade channels had been opened with neighboring Portuguese territories and South Africa, the situation eased gradually. There is still gas rationing in name, but extra coupons are available for the flimsiest reasons.

Industrial development and business activities in Rhodesia are considered secret. Government officials and private citizens are reluctant to reveal any information which possibly could be of value to sanction-enforcers. Of course to many Rhodesians this furtiveness is a game, albeit a serious one; but there are frequent references to Roger Nicholson, financial editor of the *Rhodesian Herald*, and Trevor Gallagher, a Salisbury lawyer, now serving jail terms, who were convicted of supplying a "foreign power"—read CIA agents—with economic data.

However, the security blanket cannot hide the fact that Rhodesia is beating most of the sanctions. New Toyotas dart in and out of the traffic, immaculate Citroëns park in a state of pristine splendor outside executive and government offices, and Datsun trucks bounce along the almost limitless concession roads. These vehicles are shipped into the country in kit form and then assembled at a shadow factory. Some West German companies have also made a determined bid for the lucrative market vacated by the United States and Britain; a large diesel manufacturer, for example, is providing engines for Rhodesian-built farm equipment.

As one Rhodesian executive observed: "Drop a dollar in a public place and someone is bound to pick it up." It looks as if French and Japanese businessmen are most adept at this. And agents acting for the Soviet Union have displayed similar acumen. Chrome is now moving out of Rhodesia in sizable shipments;

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much of it ends up in Russia, according to a prominent South African businessman, who confided in me after a dinner of stuffed roast duck washed down with an excellent Hermitage estate burgundy. This high-grade chrome is then used in Soviet plants, while the Soviet chrome of lower quality is exported to the more moral United States. Based on confirmed contracts, the U.S. last year imported 425,000 tons of Soviet ore.

The Rhodesian government imposes strict import regulations. Luxury goods are subjected to a punitive tax; but equipment and parts needed to keep local industry in high gear or to open new factories come in freely. Success of this policy cannot be disputed. My South African friend calculated that 450 factories had been opened since independence.

At business dinners one can hear the frequent boast that Rhodesia has compressed two decades of industrial expansion into four years. The new factories dotting the outskirts of Salisbury and Bulawayo seem to go a long way in confirming this incredible claim, with further support coming from a check of 1966 and 1970 telephone directories and the vast array of Made-in-Rhodesia consumer goods jamming department stores.

How can a country with a white population of only 250,000 and 4,500,000 blacks survive world displeasure and yet thrive lustily? Probably the answer lies in the nature of the people. Rhodesia is still a frontier country. The whites are mostly rugged individualists; they are displaying all the characteristics of the British people when left alone to fight Hitler in 1940.

The Germans of Africa

Farmers and businessmen alike exude pride when they relate how yet another nail has been driven into the sanction coffin. Each article manufactured in their country represents another step in the direction of economic independence. The twelve cubic-foot freezers, retailing at $190 and indistinguishable in finish from well-known American products, are an indication that the Rhodesians have mastered the techniques of manufacturing consumer goods on a mass scale. On the other hand, they are a long way from making edible breakfast corn flakes; and this also goes for cosmetics—the face powders being rather like poorly ground French chalk.

Just a glance around the stores will show that a large number of local manufacturers has played fast and loose with copyright and patent regulations; under international law no offense is being committed since Rhodesia does not exist.

Rhodesia's rapid move toward self-sufficiency has been speeded by an enviable degree of cooperation among manufacturing companies; one can sniff more than a little government coercion. There is a high degree of standardization of bolts, nuts, bearings and a multitude of parts going into moving equipment. This greatly reduces the inventory of replacements in depots.

Tobacco is no longer king in the country's economy. Acreage has been more than halved, with much of the land switched to livestock and grain production. Tens of thousands of beef animals are being exported to neighboring Botswana, Malawi and Mozambique, while self-sufficiency is close for wheat production. Despite watchful British and UN agents there are still sizable tobacco exports, which slip out of the country through Portuguese territories to the west and east. This calls for a lot of cloak and dagger work, including dummy shipments and phony labels of origin.

Key to Rhodesia's stability can be found largely in the dominant Matabele tribe. During the nineteenth century they broke from the near-legendary Chaka and moved northwest from Natal. Arriving in what is now Rhodesia, the Matabele proceeded to subjugate the pastoral Mashonas, who then became their vassals. Only the arrival of the British under Rhodes saved the terrified Mashona from oblivion.

The Matabele were made to desist from their less endearing customs and given every encouragement to settle down; but on the whole they have not taken to farming too enthusiastically. Left much to themselves on their vast protected lands, they have departed little from the strict code of tribal life. They are still ruled by their head men and chiefs, eight of whom sit by right—in Smith's parliament.

This sort of primitive nobility should appeal to our modern neo-Rousseauists; but alas, the Matabele care little for the brotherhood of man. They have been called the Germans of Africa, suspecting every other tribal group of being racially inferior. On the other hand, they respect the whites, rightly or wrongly seeing in them many of their own qualities.

Thus the Matabele viewed the introduction of universal conscription with ill-concealed delight. The warrior race provided some of the most ardent and willing recruits ever to turn up at any army training center. They make a fetish of fitness and grasp the techniques of modern warfare with a rapidity that would make the dumbest geneticist look for an instant geno-type.

No Time for Subversion

When Zambian "liberators" started infiltrating across the Rhodesian border three or four years ago they received short shrift at the hands of what is officially termed the indigenous population. Local villagers tipped off the police and joined the Askari (African troops) in tracking down terrorist groups. Even now most European and North American sociologists are dumbfounded by the reaction of black Rhodesians; current folklore depicts all Africans as happy inhabitants of a continental Potemkin village, the congenial atmosphere polluted only the presence of interloping whites.

This myth was not helped by the attitude of the visiting guerrillas, who burned, pillaged and plundered the properties of blacks and whites with little regard for race, creed and color. There is little doubt that Rhodesia would have become a second Vietnam but for the fact that the Matabele and even the pacific Shona have no time for the well-armed bully boys trained in Red China, Cuba and Algeria. The relative handful of Rhodesian and South African paramilitary police would have little chance of success without the support of the local population.

Certainly collapse of the Smith administration will not come from within. Business is flourishing, inflation is minuscule by American standards, and the currency is strong. After all, the Rhodesian pound (now the dollar) was unaffected when the British pound was devalued two years ago.

In a way a parallel can be drawn between what is happening in Rhodesia and Israel; both are white enclaves, both have strong enemies and both are expecting tougher military problems once Communist aid to hostile neighbors, in forms of material and proper training, take effect. Neither Rhodesia nor Israel can be written off; both appear to be destined for a crucial role in the history of Western civilization. □

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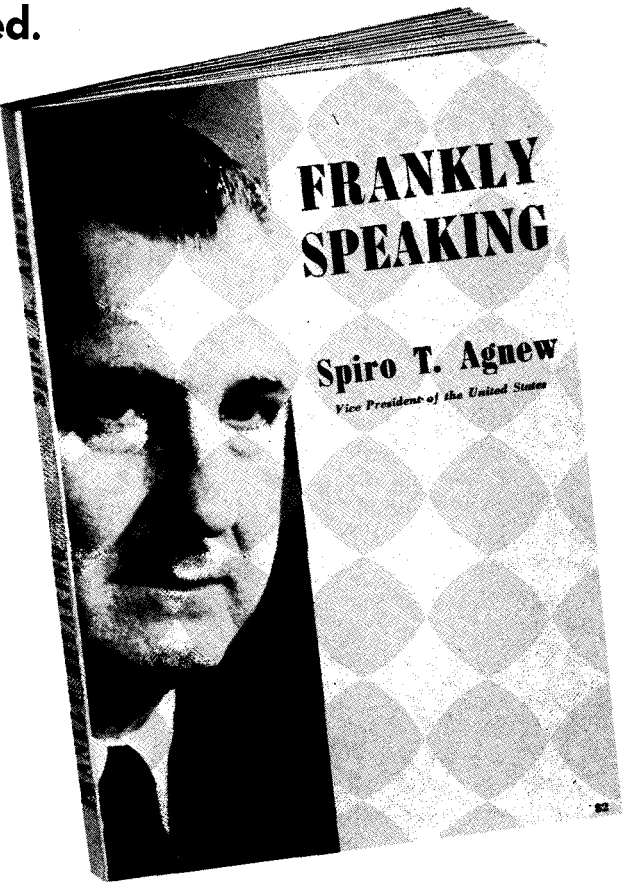

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"A society which comes to fear its children is effete. A snivelling, hand-wringing power structure deserves the violent rebellion it encourages."

"We seem to be approaching the age of the gross."

"Perhaps the place to start looking for a credibility gap is not in the offices of the government in Washington, but in the studios of the networks in New York."

"I do not overstate the case. If I am aware of the danger, the convicted rapist Eldridge Cleaver is aware of the potential."

"It is worth remembering that our country's founding fathers wisely shaped a constitutional republic, not a pure democracy."

"These arrogant ones and their admirers in the Congress, who reach almost for equal arrogance at times, are . . . asking us to repudiate principles that have made this country great . . . They have a masochistic compulsion to destroy their country's strength."

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NOTES FROM LONDON

Voyage Autour de ma Chambre

COLM BROGAN

SINCE DECEMBER I have been almost entirely penned inside my London flat, disabled by a very heavy fall. This means that the world must get on without my help, and I am reduced to observing as in a mirror, like the Lady of Shalott. It is true I see no long-haired page in crimson clad, no abbot nor an ambling lad, but there are plenty of the long-haired who are not pages, and plenty of lads where they take their rest and indulge their peculiar pleasures. For this is Bloomsbury, where people really were afraid of Virginia Woolf, with her viper's tongue and unbalanced jealousies. The Bloomsbury Set were really based on the teachings of Moore in his *Principia Ethica,* though Moore might have been more than a trifle startled by the behavior of some of his disciples. High Thinking and Low Living seems to have been the motto of many of them. There can seldom have been a coterie with so much disorderly living and so much malicious and dishonorable gossip. Virginia Woolf might be excused, for she was quite demented for long periods, but there was little to be said for the preposterous Lytton Strachey, with his complicated and unsavory amours, his ear fetishism and his gloating study of judicial tortures, or for J. M. Keynes with his breathtaking vanity and his utterly squalid homosexuality.

The only one of the famous Bloomsbury figures who is still undiminished in stature is E. M. Forster whose recent death was noted with obituaries of hushed reverence. I find this curious. How did a man whose last fiction was published in 1924 continue to be regarded as the greatest novelist of his age? I was always a heretic with regard to Forster. I thought *Howards End* was snobbish, meanly facetious in some places and commonplace in others. *A Passage to India* struck me as wisdom-of-the-East hokum and obviously the work of a man whose passage was in an air-conditioned first-class carriage.

He was a pontificator and obviously very vain. He was exacting as Dickens in making the last penny out of his writings, which throws a strange light on his lofty attitude toward the businessman. It was no surprise to learn that his unpublished novel concerned Cambridge homosexuals. The nearest equivalent in enjoyment of nearly universal reverence as a secular saint and sage is John Stuart Mill. But Mill was a better man in every way, even though he became a slave to the most unpleasant woman of the Victorian Age.

WE HAVE HAD an election of inanity and triviality without modern precedent. Harold Wilson hogged the limelight with an imperviousness that could have made a Victorian actor-manager blush. Everything was conditioned by television. He stopped and chatted to children if the cameras were on him, and passed them by if they were not. It was even suggested by touring journalists that the egg-throwing incidents were arranged by his public relations man. He was so relaxed and confident that he seemed almost royal, and in private he speculated with relish on what would happen to Heath after his second crushing defeat. In the end he actually attacked Heath for daring to raise issues. Some of his colleagues were privately ashamed of his campaign, but as it was so evidently an enormous success they held their tongues.

The result demolished the illusion of Wilson's incomparable and infallible political cunning. I was not personally pleased, for I had forecast a Tory majority of forty seats over Labor. It turned out to be 43 which meant that I had made an error of 7.5 per cent. This made me feel like a pollster. The falsity of the polls and the wild discrepancies between them were explained by liars—people who said they meant to vote Labor when they really meant to vote Tory. It is possible to insure in the polls accurate representation by age, sex, income, class and geographical location, but it is not possible to insure an even distribution of liars. Hence the discrepancy.

There was another illusion. Political scientists had begun to talk of Labor as the natural governing party sure to win any election in all but the most abnormal circumstances. In fact, the voters noticed the bad trade and unemployment figures and surmised the country might be in for trouble. So they voted Tory. The Tory party remains the natural governing party. May it deserve to keep this role.

One thing that was much talked about privately but not mentioned in print was the behavior of the Queen. Early on Friday morning it was obvious to Harold Wilson that he was doomed, and he must have been itching for the moment when he could concede defeat, go to the Palace and get the hell out of it. When the moment came, the Queen had gone racing, and Wilson was kept ignominiously cooling his heels until the evening. This was peculiar behavior for a woman with a high reputation for putting duty before pleasure. Perhaps she considered Royal Ascot as a duty and accepting Wilson's resignation as a pleasure.

The defeats of George Brown and Jennie Lee were received with general dismay. Not by me. I regarded both as long overdue. Both are arrogant and boorish, though in different ways. □

Prologue

Whan that Septembre with his classes
starten
The droghte of summer goon to parten
And sticken every veyne in swich licour
Of which vertu prostraten on the
floor,
Come motlie whites and bushie blackes
With clenched fists upone hir backes
And Rubin eek with his profanitie
Inspired hath in all Berklie
The tendre groupies and the younge
punkes
Dressen straunge and smellen skunkes.
And smale fooles screamen melodye
And speaken soone Edwine Muskie,
So priketh hem Rubin in hir corages
Than longen folk to goon on newe
barrages
And taken torches to all they seke
And specially, so Muskie can not speke.
Nowe come than piges with cans of mace
And squirt hir in hem punkes face.
Thenne rampen clerkes screame brutalitie
Withe kindlie words from Chete Huntlie.
For Spocke said noon hem arse to
slappe
But could bee that hes fulle of crappe.

LOUIS C. GALIANO

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FRANK S. MEYER

THE NEGRO DILEMMA

PRINCIPLES AND HERESIES

In 1963 Nathan Glazer and Daniel P. Moynihan published a study of New York City called *Beyond the Melting Pot*. In it they maintained that, contrary to American myth and sociological expectation, second and third generation Americans were not merging into an undifferentiated homogeneous population, but ethnic groups were retaining great social and political significance.

This month Glazer and Moynihan have issued a second edition of their book (MIT, $10.00/$1.95) with a new 95-page introduction, "New York City in 1970." That introduction represents a most significant *volte face* on a crucial point. In the original book, the Negroes of New York City were presented as but another rising ethnic group—with many differences, it is true, but substantially similar to those that have preceded them in New York's long history of absorption of ethnic groups in a broadening unity with diversity. Today, they write: "Race has exploded to swallow up all other distinctions . . ."

In 1963 they believed "that Negroes were, or were becoming one group in a society made up of self-conscious groups. . . ." Today, they write, "where the book failed was in determining what *kind* of group Negroes would form. As an ethnic group they would be one of many. As a *racial* group, as 'blacks,' as the new nomenclature has it, they would form a unique group in American society." Essentially what Glazer and Moynihan are saying is that the concepts and slogans of the new black radical leadership (aided by the white intelligentsia, which "devote[s] itself to encouraging the varied fantasies and the fascination with violence of black militants") have destroyed their expectations of "normal" development of the Negroes as an ethnic group in America. This is not, they emphasize, because their expectations of Negro progress economically and socially were wrong: "During the second half of the 1960s, Negroes made probably the most rapid economic and occupational gains in their history. These were made relative to and often at the expense of whites."

Nor can government action, in their opinion, be faulted—action infinitely greater than anything of the sort ever done for previous rising ethnic groups. Yet, "by the end of the decade, following the lead of the Kerner Commission, government response was routinely described as a failure and ascribed to an underlying and pervasive 'white racism.' " The real failure, Glazer and Moynihan say, was not that of government, but of the intellectuals' refusal to recognize and report, either in their own work or in the mass-communications media they more and more controlled, the true gains of the Negro, while they "lusted after the sensational and the exotic."

AND ALL THIS, while the development of a prosperous Negro working class and middle class went on apace. Some of the statistics Glazer and Moynihan quote are startling indeed. For example, they write that in New York, "if we consider professional employment alone, 9.5 per cent of Negroes were so engaged, compared to 3 per cent of Puerto Ricans, 5 per cent of Italians (first and second generation), 9 per cent of Irish (first and second generation), 11 per cent of other Catholics (including third and higher generations of Italian and Irish), 10.5 per cent of foreign-born Jews, 21.5 per cent of native-born Jews and 22 per cent of white Protestants. Yet, to read the press or the flood of books that appear on these matters, or to look at television, is to remain totally misinformed on the actual development, economically and socially, of the Negroes. "It remains the fact that convergence [of the races] in material circumstances has been accompanied by increasing strength for militant political attitudes based on a denial that anything of the sort is happening."

Glazer and Moynihan have performed an exemplary service—indeed, a courageous one, considering the sharpness of their attack on liberal assumptions and liberal actions. There is something lacking, however; a deeper historical analysis. For what they describe, but never come to grips with, is a pattern familiar to every student of history. It is a revolutionary pattern. The combination of sharply improving conditions with revolutionary political attitudes is characteristic both of the French and the Russian revolutions. And in both cases, as in this one, revolutions are the work of ideologues who totally distort the real situation in their drive for power.

TODAY WE HAVE a more complex situation. It is not only the black ideologues, but the white revolutionaries, aided and abetted by purblind liberals, who are inciting a revolutionary movement—in this case doomed, by the sheer logic of numbers, to a bloody defeat. Glazer and Moynihan repeatedly bemoan, as we all do, the lack of a leadership speaking out against the ideologues, and representing the solid working-class and middle-class Negro community. They recognize, too, the physical danger that would threaten such a leadership, and the lack of support for it from the intellectuals and the media.

The lesson would seem to be clear: If this revolutionary movement is to be defused, we must find ways simultaneously to repress the Negro revolutionaries as we must repress the white revolutionaries, and to encourage and support by all material and moral means the emergence of a powerful Negro leadership, devoted to the American *ethos* and to Negro progress through the same modes of action that brought previous rising ethnic groups forward. Today our articulate leadership is doing the opposite—idealizing, supporting and propagandizing for the ideologues, while scorning, and morally suppressing as "Uncle Toms," responsible leaders, actual and potential. It is a sure formula for disaster. □

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DELECTATIONS

Juarez Hell

JOHN D. KIRWAN

CIUDAD JUAREZ is neither Mexico, Texas nor Coney Island. Rather, it is an enchilada of all three, spiced with a couple of tangy flavors all its own. The only way to aptly describe it is to be purely Aristotelian: Juarez is Juarez.

Perched across the Rio Grande from El Paso, Ciudad Juarez (hereinafter Juarez) is fabled far and wide as the divorce capital of the Southwest. A regular shuttle service operates from New York, ferrying folks down who don't want to wait 'til death did them part (an average El Paso correspondent lawyer might average some fifty divorces a week). But the area has the compensating graces of scenery and climate. This has advantages—imagine having to go through a traumatic divorce in Cleveland or Newark, New Jersey.

Going across the International Bridge from El Paso (crossing the border into Mexico is like trouble; easy to get into, harder to get out of), one's first impression of Juarez is a cathouse on a hot tin roof. Gaudiness is to this part of town what skyscrapers are to Manhattan.

When the Bridge melds into dry land, it becomes *La Avenida Juarez* (Mexicans are as unoriginal as we when it comes to naming streets), which is one long, neon-crusted tourist trap. Shops selling all manner of goods, both animate and inanimate, line this main drag and only the innate courtesy of the Mexicans prevents the hawkers from shanghaiing the meandering tourist bodily. As it is, one has to run a gantlet of short-sleeved pitchmen, especially the cab drivers who consider walking a mortal sin. The wise visitor will resist these bilingual sirens, declining the chances of a lifetime politely (the two indispensable words for the traveler in Juarez are *gracias, no*), since one can usually find the same things at cheaper prices either downtown or off on the sidestreets.

The best way to see Juarez is on foot. The local buses look (and feel) like miscegenated trucks, driving is like being inside a pinball machine and Juarez hackies are only too happy to take the tourist for a ride. But a leisurely daytime stroll, in comfortable shoes, is a virtue that brings its own unexpected rewards.

The one thing which strikes the *Norteamericano* is how flat everything is, especially the buildings. To the big city visitor, it looks as if God went over the town with a lawnmower. Almost everything is one story high, made of pastel-plastered adobe. (One of the astonishing things about the area is how friable adobe actually is—one could whittle through a wall with a ballpoint pen.)

The second surprise is the over-all cleanliness. Whereas in so many American cities, it is hard to tell where the sewers leave off, even the slums of Juarez have tidy streets, with only random bits of paper fluttering against the occasional fruit peel. The facades, at least, of even the poorest houses are neat and clean, as are most of the people.

One thing that shouldn't be missed while ambling around is the plaza. This sun-baked village green is about the closest thing to traditional Mexico in Juarez. Straw-hatted farmers, their feet as cracked and dry as the desert, chain-smoke innumerable cigarettes (now machine-made) and gossip the long, hot day away. But if one has a sensitive back, don't sit on the benches ringing the plaza. They are like sarcophagi with arm and back rests, coated with beautiful blue-patterned tiles which resist flesh exquisitely. In the middle of the bench is a bigger tile, giving the name of the company that donated it to the city. On the flanking streets, strolling guitar players and accordionists serenade the universe. It is extremely pleasant to pick out a shady spot, buy an inch-thick disc of fresh, dripping pineapple from a street vendor and munch away, watching the world go by in slow motion.

As long as one is in the neighborhood, it pays to go across the street to the Mision de Nuestra Señora de Guadalupe. (One couldn't miss it if one tried.) It's a large, chunkish, adobe-walled church dating back to 1659, with a hand-carved altar and ceiling beams really worth seeing.

If one likes *corridas*, Juarez has Mexico's second largest bull-ring. The best fights, though, are in Mexico City.

Dysentery is alive and very very well in Juarez, and the Burkean wisdom about not drinking the local water is one of the eternal verities of northern Mexico. But an extremely happy compensation is Mexican beer. There are several good brands and at least three—Carta Blanca, Bohemia and XX (Doble Equis)—which are excellent. There is always tequila, of course, although some which is palmed off on tourists is low-proof enough to pass for watered Kool-Aid. The real stuff, though, goes down the esophagous like a red-hot elevator. (One is allowed to bring one bottle of tequila back to the States every 31 days.) Mexican cigarettes, at 20 cents a pack, are worth a try too, but forget about the concept *mild*.

As for solid food, one can get good traditional Mexican cuisine at almost every hotel and restaurant with a credit-card sticker in the window. Riskier, but conversely more rewarding, is eating in smaller restaurants, luncheonettes and bars. Bacon and eggs, Juarez style, is a delightful surprise, but go very easy on the spiced side dishes if one values one's gums. The cold fried fish, peddled from baskets bar to bar, is a pleasant snack.

But if much of Juarez is a flashily cut jewel, it is fixed in a setting of rare wonder and beauty—the desert. If going from America to Juarez is like going into a different world, going from Juarez to the desert is like entering a different universe. It's a dry, mute experience, with the only sound being the sentry noises of the grasshoppers. Life in the desert is small and tough and wary and one has to re-educate the eyes to see it. Walk quietly enough and a jackrabbit will briefly appear—a gray blur gazelling through the sparse foliage, his long ears up in a peace sign. Tiny lizards scurry noiselessly, then stop and freeze and scurry and disappear. One can pause and watch the pyramids being built again by looking down on an ant colony.

Above all, the desert is that modern rarity, a place to think. It's an ideal spot to take out ideas, polish them on one's sleeve, look them over from all sides and replace them much improved. And, when night oozes in from the east and the sun drags its heat behind the mountains and the noises of the evening start tuning up, one becomes quietly aware what a special thing it is to be alive. □

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The Jew and the Negro

WILL HERBERG

The Confrontation: Black Power, Anti-Semitism, and the Myth of Integration
By Max Geltman
Prentice-Hall, 239 pp. $7.95

Max Geltman is a keen observer, a thoughtful commentator, and an able writer of clear expository prose. This book, presented as a concatenation of 23 chapters, is more like a sequence of brief essays—very few more than eight or nine pages in length—bound together by the theme indicated in the title and subtitle. Whatever over-all structure the book possesses is revealed in the Table of Contents—Introduction: The Negro-Jewish Confrontation; Part One: The Events (nine chapters); Part Two: The Negro Family Problem (three chapters); Part Three: The Contemporary Scene (two chapters); and Part Four: The Confrontation (eight chapters).

Mr. Geltman's operative thesis is that the Jew in America, and to a degree elsewhere in the world, presents a dual image vis-à-vis the black community: on the one side, American Jews (Mr. Geltman alleges) have given consistent support to the Negro strivings; on the other, a mounting black antisemitism confronts the Jew in New York and other metropolitan centers. Mr. Geltman expresses this ambiguity—better, ambivalence—in the following way:

> With the advent of the massive riots of 1967, the visible signs of the conflict became a clear and present danger to the Jewish minority, which was sure it had done more to help the downtrodden Negro than had any other group in the land. And so it had. But, this, instead of making the black man grateful, only helped to "increase his rage," as James Baldwin noted.

THE REST of the book is a many-faceted, well-documented, but not at every point convincing, elaboration and substantiation of this thesis. All the essays are, as I have suggested, variations of the one central theme. And it is precisely this theme that I am compelled to find faulty—in part, because it is not quite correct; in part, because it is not sufficiently deep-going.

I know that it is a well-worn idealistic cliché to repeat that Jews have done most to "help the downtrodden Negro." After all, two "minority groups, each with a long history of oppression," etc., etc. But exactly in what has this "help" actually consisted—except in a plethora of resolutions, some money to some not always deserving organizations here and there, and the extravagant antics of a few fringe Jews indulging in what has been so well termed "Radical Chic" (Leonard Bernstein and the Black Panthers, for example)? And this "help" has come cheap. Unlike Catholicism and Protestantism in America, American Judaism has no black folk in its communities (the minute number of "black Jews" constitutes an oddity, not a serious reality). Moreover, American Jews are socially so placed that they are rarely to be found in so-called "transitional" areas; and when, by chance, they do so find themselves, they are generally the first to get away.

It would be futile, nor does Mr. Geltman essay to do so, to attempt to counteract the effect of this picture by pointing to Arthur Goldberg, the American Jewish Committee, and the American Jewish Congress rushing in to aid the "beleaguered Black Panthers," or to a handful of dejudaized Jewish radicals active in the earlier civil-rights movement, as though they, on the one side or the other, represented, or reflected, the attitude of "the Jews." If it is at all true that the "Jewish minority [has] done more to help the downtrodden Negro than any other group in the land," it is only because the record of all ethnic "minorities" in this respect has not been particularly outstanding. The fact is that American Jews, both because of their European past and their American present, fully share the diffused, barely conscious dislike of blacks in the mass that seems to be endemic in white society in this country and Europe.

ON THE OTHER SIDE, the suspicion of whites, the dislike of whites, endemic among the blacks in this country, is rather more pointed and less diffused. No group ever feels *grateful* for benefits conferred upon it by some other group, even where these benefits are real; Mr. Geltman, of course, understands this very well. But, primarily, Negro antisemitism, latent or overt, is rooted in something very different. It is rooted in the image of the Jew as a "minority" that has overcome all obstacles in its way and has finally "made it." It is this image of the Jew that the Negro finds so intolerable because he feels it as a bitter reproach against himself, forever flaunted in his face. For most Negroes, this remains a vague, hardly conscious feeling; but Negro radicals have shown that they know how to arouse and articulate this feeling, and embody it in such familiar stereotypes as the Jewish landlord, the Jewish storekeeper, the Jewish employer and, lately, the Jewish school teacher.

The confrontation between black radical and Jew, which Max Geltman so properly brings to the fore and so well describes, has not emerged from the Negro riots in the ghettos, or from black-power disruption on some campuses. It has emerged out of the embittered ethnic-racial conflict in the public educational system in New York and one or two other large centers. Mr. Geltman tells the story too well for me to try to

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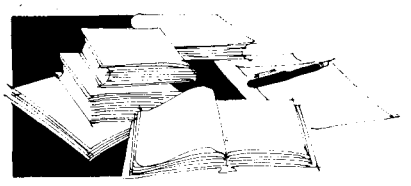
retell it or try to summarize it. But what, basically, was involved?

The encounter in New York is best understood, it seems to me, when it is seen as the outcome of a black radical assault, partly conscious, partly tropistic, upon that sector of the hated Establishment where it was felt such an assault would have the best promise of success. However far gone they may have been, the infatuated black radicals could not believe that there was any possibility of breaking through and taking over the police, the firemen, even the sanitation workers; sniping at them was about the only thing they could do. But the public schools were another matter entirely. The public educational system was, and still is, in dire straits in New York—near collapse, in fact. The "decentralization" fantasies of the liberals could be well utilized to promote power or chaos, rule or ruin. And, above all, the majority of school teachers were *Jews*—against whom the free-floating suspicion harbored by the Negroes, and, it was hoped, the latent antisemitism of large white groups, could be activated and mobilized. Obviously, the public educational system was most vulnerable, and so it became the appointed target of the black radical assault.

IT DID NOT quite work out that way. For one thing, the New York Jews, whose ethnic ("Jewish") consciousness had been growing increasingly lax, were now aroused and stung into defensive action. Moreover, in an atmosphere tense with ethnic hostilities, the other ethnic groups (Irish, Italian, Polish, et al.; nowadays journalistically referred to as the "white ethnics") were excited to self-consciousness and a more active posture. As usual, black radicalism proved counterproductive: it stirred up and consolidated the opposing forces. The failure of the black radical *putsch* can be read in the intricate story of the legislative hassle over "decentralization" and in the ins and outs of New York State administrative intervention in the city's public school troubled areas. In this struggle, the New York Teachers Federation, headed by Albert Shanker, for all its liberal past and its liberalistic verbalisms, became the spearhead of the Jewish counteraction. And it is as well established as any socio-political law can ever be that confrontation engenders counteraction ("backlash"), which almost always proves the stronger.

If the Jewish-Negro confrontation in New York—in some nearby towns, it is more obviously multilateral (Negro-Jewish-Italian)—involves ethnic hostilities on both sides (and this must be recognized), yet the manifestations on each side are very different. The black radicals, generally crude rabble-rousing *enragés*, spit out their venom in the most poisonous form: they make no bones about their blatant antisemitism, as Mr.



Geltman amply documents. The spokesmen of the Jews, middle-class intellectuals and semi-intellectuals with some pretensions to culture, know instinctively how to express their strictures in indirect and circumlocutionary form, so that no "anti-Negroism" can be documented.

That is all to the good, but it should not obscure the fact that the ethnic suspicion and hostility is on both sides, though expressed in different ways. Yet, in the black hostility to Jews, there is something of that underlying strain of shuddering repugnance that has been the historical burden of the Jews—the "magic people," the "weird people"—from the earliest times, and that constitutes the essence of antisemitism in the proper sense of the term. Nothing equivalent to it is to be found, or could be found, on the other side.

ALL of this, and much more, can be amply substantiated from material increasingly available to the interested public in recent years, and, indeed, from Mr. Geltman's own far-ranging inquiries, though I am not sure he would at all points go along with the conclusions I am inclined to draw. Mr. Geltman seems to have read everything even remotely relevant to his subject, and to have supplemented his reading by wide personal experience. He has something significant to say on the historical meaning of that much-bandied word, the ghetto; on poverty as a fact and as a culture; on the Negro family; on race and race prejudice; on education, educational standards and literacy; on the background history of the Jewish-Negro confrontation; and on many other matters of contemporary and perennial interest.

One need not fully agree with his freely expressed distaste for sociologists and sociological analysis to recognize that his book, though throughout concerned with the elaboration of his thesis, is a mine of information about almost every aspect of the fateful confrontation and a trustworthy guide through its multiple complexities. I would especially recommend for consideration what he has to say about the "myth of integration" and the fatuous liberal nonsense about legislating a "color-blind" society.

> What are the merits, if any, of a totally integrated society, which, properly understood, is a color-blind society? [he asks]. Possible or not, and it has certainly not proved possible in this country, is it desirable? The answer which seems to suggest itself is that it is not. Not in the United States certainly, with its mixed population made up of ethnic groups from all over the world.

For clarity and forthrightness, for realism and a complete repudiation of liberalistic illusionism, these words would be hard to match. They reflect the spirit of Mr. Geltman's thinking. □

The Timeless Christian
By Erik von Kuehnelt-Leddihn
Franciscan Herald Press, $4.50

CRISIS IN THE CHURCH

FREDERICK D. WILHELMSEN

Titles rarely suggest their authors because titles usually are afterthoughts following upon the heat of creation. This is not true of the book under discussion. Erik von Kuehnelt-Leddihn, well known to the readers of NATIONAL REVIEW, *is* a Timeless Christian in the serenity and catholicity with which he views the grave crisis through which his Church and mine, the Roman Catholic, is passing in our time. This crisis forms the theme of his book and his orchestration of that theme is the most serene that I have encountered.

Viewing every issue he touches in historical perspective, the author locates one significant cause for the present collapse in faith in the peculiarly nineteenth- and early twentieth-century phenomenon of clericalism. Clericalism —often the product of Jansenist seminary teaching filtered through the Irish sensibility—simply proved itself incapable of handling the contemporary treason of the clergy. A growing anti-

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clericalism within the Church today reverses the pattern of the past century. New anti-clericalism comes out of the ranks of the orthodox and bespeaks a progressive disenchantment and a sense of having been defrauded by middle-aged clergymen who taught us one thing in our youth and took our money, often our lives, and who now have reversed the lesson we learned too well—and have not unlearned.

This bitterness is entirely absent from Kuehnelt-Leddihn's pages. He never was a pro-clerical and therefore is innocent of the temptation to anti-clericalism. Good-humoredly surveying two thousand years of stupidity and chicanery, of heresy and nepotism, the author concludes wryly that the Church *must* be divine: nothing purely human could have survived the pusillanimity of the clergy throughout the ages.

Kuehnelt-Leddihn attempts to fashion an iconic structure of the diverse human *types* found within the Church in this moment in Catholic history. He distinguishes between integrists, integralists and pluralists.

Integrists, his *bête noire* in the Catholic woodpile, are marked by their "enthusiasm for authority, strictness, discipline, sometimes even for brutality. Integrists are very free with suspensions, indictments, excommunications, the death penalty, censorship of the press and moral regulations." Integrism is characterized by "heresy-hunting . . . reminiscent of old fashioned 'Protestantism' " and it elevates the clergy "to a pedestal." Tracing this spirit to the atmosphere dominating Catholic circles shortly before 1848, Kuehnelt-Leddihn sees the integrist as an ape of the rationalist French revolutionary he would oppose. Forgetting that men are "*personae,* not grains of sand," the integrist always reacts after events and is tragically incapable of seizing the initiative in history. Integrism proved itself totally incompetent to confront the secularist and modernist attack which today threatens to drown the Church in a sea of ecumenical marshmallows.

The pluralist in *The Timeless Christian* emerges as the dialectical caricature of the integrist. Mincing through life, the Christian pluralist make a profession of apologizing for the transcendent claims of the Church. This reader got the impression that Kuehnelt-Leddihn is not overly interested even in talking about the pluralist because he is bored by his banality: i.e., his ever repeated litanies to the democratic system; his constantly reiterated devotions to religious divisions; his metaphysics which congeal religious disunity into an unalterable desideratum; his pessimism; his lack of manliness centered in his principled refusal to win, to be an apostle.

The author's integralist is his paradigm of Christian excellence. Like all paradigms it does not coincide with reality but functions as a useful model to measure reality. Combining tolerance in action and moral judgment with integrity in doctrine, the integralist is usually the product of typically Catholic society. "A predominantly Catholic hinterland is more fruitful than the pluristic trenches of the *ecclesia militans* . . . beyond the dream of the intransigent integrist lurks the easygoing liberality of live and let live, a *santa anarquía católica,* a slovenly, Catholic-Baroque atmosphere with an epicurean *dolce vita* and *dolce far niente.*"

The pluralist's passion for freedom is encountered ironically as reality only in the streets of those thoroughly Catholic societies that he abominates: Italy, Spain, Portugal, South America, Bavaria, Austria, and, as a past, all those lost provinces of Christendom lying to the east under Communist tyranny. It is not surprising that Kuehnelt-Leddihn's principled loyalty to the Empire of the Habsburgs finds in the world they created an elegance and a chivalry, a lyrical spirituality and a tenderness toward fallen man as he is that reflect in human lineaments the deepest paradoxes of the Catholic God.

PERHAPS Kuehnelt-Leddihn's central intuition in this extremely rich book is his conviction that the Reformation was the work of ex-monks and ex-nuns who spread the monastery and convent, with all its thin-lipped fanaticism, to the entire Western world. Without denying intrinsic worth to genuine monasticism, Kuehnelt-Leddihn points out, with rich historical detail, precisely how the mechanization of time, the exaltation of work and the militarization of life, proper to the monastic vocation, extended throughout the whole of Protestant Europe. "Prussia likewise, thanks to the Huguenots and a generation or two of Calvinist Hohenzollerns, had become very largely 'monasticized': *Travailler pour le roi de Prusse* meant 'to work for no pay'—a very monastic activity. Frugality, industry, obedience, discipline, unselfishness, silence . . . reserve, simplicity—these are Prussian, as they are monastic, virtues."

This Prussianized world has dominated the West for centuries according to our author. Its link with the French Revolution is Calvinism. Returning to a favorite theme, Kuehnelt-Leddihn sees both Reformation and Revolution as late medieval reactions against the Renaissance, a nominalist and monastic backlash against a very lush new world. "The French Revolution . . . had the numb melancholy of a compulsory monastery . . . We are thinking of the *vertus républicaines,* of the beastly earnestness, the condemnation of levity and frivolity as aristocratic vices . . . the death by mass drowning, the flight into abstraction." And it was this cold and wintry desolation that ushered into time the democratic ethos and the secular liberalism within which all of us have lived our lives.

The Timeless Christian addresses itself to the troubles of the Church largely from the standpoint of their political causes and consequences: e.g., the introduction of the vernacular into the liturgy is studied from the point of view of its revival of ancient bitterness and half healed wounds in country after country in every continent on the planet. However the author shifts his perspective and argues from a frankly theological plane in one chapter. He speaks of the Devil: Lucifer: Diabolus: Satan. I suspect that Kuehnelt-Leddihn's book was written and published initially in German before attention was focused here upon the revival of satanism in Southern California.

The Sharon Tate tragedy, woven as it was out of a sinister analogy between a man who directs a motion picture about a child fathered by the Devil and whose own pregnant wife is then murdered by diabolists, suggests that the collapse of faith in God is being accompanied by a resurgence of faith in The Morning Star. Kuehnelt-Leddihn clearly believes in the Devil and sees him as a zone of ontological power and passion for Nothing at All who is a Person. But one author reminds us that Satan's power has already been broken by Christ. His thrashing about through history is a death agony, and he can be countered only by Christians who treat him with high contempt. This contempt is sketched for us by Kuehnelt-Leddihn in a sardonically amusing black-and-white painting which is worth the price of the book. It is also the work of a very highly civilized man, an integralist, a Timeless Christian. □

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FICTION

Play It As It Lays
By Joan Didion
Farrar, 214 pp., $5.95

Notes from the Future
By N. Amosoff
Simon and Schuster, 384 pp., $6.95

The Green Man
By Kingsley Amis
Harcourt, 253 pp., $5.95

Bech: A Book
By John Updike
Knopf, 206 pp., $5.95

ON THE EDGE OF BEING

GUY DAVENPORT

Joan Didion's first novel, *Run River,* was a study of the descendants of California pioneers. What had been striven for with heroism they were spending without aim. This desperation of purposelessness is again the subject of her second novel in which she has made existence itself seem to be a sterile wind.

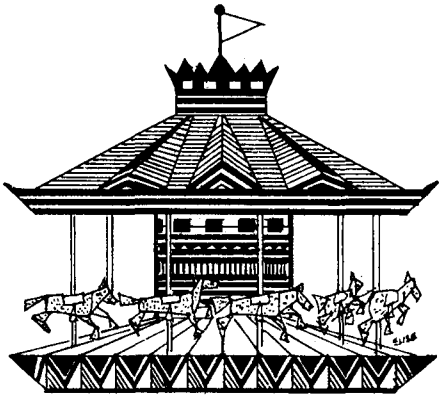
Miss Didion's heroine, the wife of a movie director, was born in a Nevada town that has been sucked right off the map by the monster gambling complexes that are neither cities nor way-stations of commerce but magnetic hells in which money, drugs and flesh are the only realities.

The plot of *Play It As It Lays*—a gambler's phrase—follows the deterioration of a life: divorce, abortion, spiritual desiccation and defeat. Miss Didion has evolved for this tragedy a mode of writing that is somehow both pitiless in its gaze and compassionate in its concern. She has the true novelist's touch with the precise details that need no elaboration, and she has given the novel a pace so violent and so powerful that its speed becomes the dominant symbol of her story.

Miss Didion is a writer who honors life, and who feels that its clarity and goodness have been blasted in our time. Ultimately, it is the force of her grief that gives meaning to her two novels. If her vision of the world is terrifying, it is also accurate. She knows the particular moral queasiness one feels in the presence of a gangster, the desolation of soul that would seem to be built into hotel rooms, the rat's maze of six-lane traffic in cities. This awful confusion is reflected in practically all writing, but Miss Didion's version is distinguished by her terrifying sense of what has been lost and how irreparable the damage is.

NIKOLAI M. AMOSOFF is a Russian surgeon who writes novels. His concern, like Miss Didion's, is for the quality of life. Being both scientist and Russian, his apprehensions are as different from Miss Didion's as the modes of fulfilling the heart in Moscow and Los Angeles.

Dr. Amosoff has constructed a science fiction in which he imagines a body successfully frozen until a cure can be found for its disease. Defrigeration comes in 1994. The startling thing about Dr. Amosoff's imaginary future is its decided old-fashionedness. His gadgetry is more likely to be in next year's realities than in 1994's (wrist television sets, miracle drugs, improved computers). His hero, a doctor, finds little to do in his resurrection: moreover, he discovers that man is as constantly as ever simply man, with all his ancient failings and stupidities and prej-



udices. This novel would be easily forgettable if it did not undertake more than it seems to for most of its course. Toward its end it unfolds as a novel of ideas rather than scientific romance. For the first time (in two lifetimes) Dr. Amosoff's surgeon sees into the real heart of his profession. Holding death at bay had heretofore been a matter for his skilled hands. When we last see him he has found a reason to face death as a saint faces the devil, and immortality is his quest.

KINGSLEY AMIS' new comic novel has its wry fun with immortality—with that thoroughly British stock-in-trade (which, nevertheless, Mr. Amis has never before touched), the family ghost. As in every novel of Mr. Amis', a charming array of discomposed and highly articulate types is spilled out onto a propitious stage, and the high jinks begin. If this new novel is a trifle contrived and definitely weak in its plot, it is as brilliant as ever as a comedy of manners and character.

The protagonist and narrator is a lush of a country publican, whose Green Man attracts the Cambridge crowd (among whom, as always, one can spot off-handed caricatures, such as one Burgess, a pedant). Our hero is at that age where his marriage is wobbly, his drinking has caught up with him and he has begun to see ghosts. What carries the plot forward is that the ghosts are real ghosts, and one of them an irreligious old party who cavorted with the devil in his lifetime, has for a familiar a green man, an ancient vegetable critter all vines and leaves and a manner as gruff and stalking as Dr. Frankenstein's celebrated monster.

All of this would be so much exoticism if Mr. Amis were not its begettor and operator. As it develops, it becomes a delicious English comedy. Among the living, Mr. Amis parades for us a with-it priest in jeans and fashionable signs of Peace who must ('You've *got* to be kidding!')" read the office of exorcism (which is, to his utter surprise, efficacious); various whiffle-brained women; and a beguiling assortment of nuts and curiosities; and among the dead are even more elate souls. What all this adds up to is nothing at all but a good story, and a reminder that the English are a people unto themselves, and that their sense of the ridiculous is as robust as ever.

MR. UPDIKE's new book—a set of stories hinged together to make a kind of novel—is as light in its way as Mr. Amis'. It is an imaginary portrait of an American writer named Bech: a composite satire without malice. In Bech one can see practically any successful novelist you want to, including Mr. Updike himself. Bech, for example, replies to requests to lecture with a printed post card saying that he does not speak in public. I have among my literary *curiosae* just such a card, and it is signed not Bech but John Updike.

When we meet Bech he is successful, and is on a tour of Russia and other strange countries. Mr. Updike's way with encounters is superb, and his sense of the use of literature as a cultural commodity is sharpened to a fine point indeed. Like his master Nabokov, he misses no crumb of finely smashed pretence in the collision of culture with culture. His Bulgarian,

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Rumanian and Russian intellectuals are as wonderfully drawn as Beerbohm might have done them. With English and American counterparts Updike tends to be more savage, perhaps because they are not quite so inscrutable; he knows, by golly, the story of *their* orneriness.

Bech is a beautifully done little book, sewing up in a sack the young and their gall, reviewers, publishers, scholars and other obsessed specialists in one jargon or another. What lies behind all the comedy of *Bech* is the simple fact that a writer in our world, having no place to occupy with authority and conviction, is placed among the celebrities and accordingly interviewed and bothered. A writer's career is a series of successes, imaginary events in which the publicity jackals and the carping critics participate. The awful fact that a writer when he is not writing is simply a human being is scarcely comprehended, and so writers if they exist at all must exist as something kin to movie stars.

Moreover, Bech is the kind of writer for whom publicity is a reward, and he has his troubles with the ensuing disillusionment. He is also an example of the last gasp of Romanticism. Art and life were one, went a Romantic tenet which Homer would have found strange, and Shakespeare stranger. Bech's books are mere extensions of himself, or at least of a self he imagines himself to be, and his punishment is that once they are written, they cling to him like unleaving presences, and he ends up erased as a human being but reborn as a character in his own work. Updike's novels have always been rich in satire while going about quite other business. It is a delight to have a whole book of nothing but. □

Alternative to Armageddon: The Peace Potential of Lightning War
By Colonel Wesley W. Yale, U.S. Army (Ret.), General I.D. White, U.S. Army (Ret.), General Hasso E. von Manteuffel, German Army (Ret.); with a foreword by General Lyman L. Lemnitzer, U.S. Army (Ret.)
Rutgers University Press, 243 pp, $9.00

THE MORALITY OF BLITZKRIEG

S. L. A. MARSHALL

Today there is an overworked phrase, "no more Vietnams," that unfortunately has a too limited meaning. Usually when uttered it is to deplore that our country got bogged down in a peculiarly sticky, costly and seemingly endless war in an Asian peninsula and to resolve that it will never again make the same blunder.

But what was the blunder? That of going to war, or of getting stuck or the manner in which we went about it? I can understand Senator Edward Kennedy not wishing to be too specific about this amid his personal campaign to convince the citizenry that every evil presently afflicting the society must be blamed on the involvement in Indochina. But what is good enough for the Senator, who has resumed condemning the war as "immoral" after laying off that term for about one year, is neither good nor enough for the observer who takes seriously the military problems and programs of the United States.

I can understand the Pacifist spirit, the Crusader spirit and the Mercenary spirit. I can understand men abhorring war, glorying in war or looking upon it as good business. What I cannot understand is the man at the top who plays at war as if deluded that he can buy it on the cheap or mince into it one step at a time. That is how the nation got off on the wrong course nine years ago thereafter never to stage a full recovery.

A tragedy in itself, it is also a warning, and may become the prelude to disaster unless "no more Vietnams" comes to mean that the main lesson has been learned. The blame does not rest wholly on a martyred President. In earlier years, the military, their civilian superiors and many theorists, had gone astray. Consequent to Hiroshima, they pursued the study of "limited war" as if it were a saving and separate science, making obsolete all ancient principles. Though ponderous books and seminars without number were devoted to this subject, they simply thickened the murk. Nothing said or written could alter the nature of war or its prerequisite for a successful issue—that decisive power be applied as swiftly and efficiently as possible.

WE HAVE HERE a somewhat thin volume with that proposition as its text, the collateral points being that for hard, straight hitting, a great power, like a small nation, must have the proper mix of war machines directed by a command brainy, imaginative and resolute, served by a staff equally virtuous. Though that may read like a belaboring of the obvious or a recipe for the unattainable ideal, the work has at least two claims on uniqueness.

No work heretofore written on the theory and practice of war has been weighted by as many honored and famed bylines; just think of it, an ex-theater commander, a former chairman of the Joint Chiefs, a German who commanded an army under Hitler and a former cavalry commander turned tanker who had a late flowering as a scientist. Most of the writing reflects the style and thought of the junior member of the firm, Wesley W. Yale, my old comrade of fifty years. Its anecdotal flavor, more than the central theme, will charm collectors of such material.

The other rare quality is that this is a treatise on conventional warfare, its past and how it should be conducted. Beyond doubt, more books have been written on war's theory and practice in the past twenty years than in the whole prior history of the Republic. About 99 and 44/100ths per cent of them deal with nuclear war or guerrilla war, both of which we could choose to exclude from our future. Yale et al. contend that "the greatest immorality of any war is its unnecessary prolongation or amplification," and are not likely to be gainsaid by veterans of either World War, though today's profs and preachers hold a different view. The panacea to proliferation, as they see it, is to wage lightning war, not necessarily by the Von Seeckt formula which was rather a phony, but in the manner of the mobile masters of the big whammy, ancient and modern.

Whereas they might have started with

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Gideon, they picked Hannibal as their Model A, though he wasted his youth tramping about Italy after Cannae. Then they work their way through history to Rommel, Patton, Harmon and the modern miracle men of Israel, who are showered with the authors' warmest praise. The moral of the story is that we should pattern on these examples, be no less ready in every part and heart to smite all out than such champion brawlers.

GOOD ADVICE, though as I weigh the possibilities while smelling out the national scene, I remember my favorite story about archy the philosophical cockroach, archy was bemoaning the hard lot of cockroaches. A chum advised him to change himself into a grasshopper. Enchanted, archy asked how to go about it. The chum replied that he was just laying down the broad policy; it was up to archy to provide the implementing detail.

If we could only begin to lift ourselves by our bootstraps, we might fly, we might fly. □

RANDOM NOTES

■ JUST OUT: A big anthology edited by Irving Howe, *Essential Works of Socialism,* runs the gamut from Marx and Engels, Plekhanov and Luxemburg, to Djilas, Silone, Russell, Harrington and Orwell (Holt, $12.95). . . . *Father of Racist Ideology* is a new biography of Gobineau by British historian Michael D. Biddiss (McKay, $10). . . . Vannevar Bush titles his autobiography *Pieces of the Action* (Morrow, $8.95).

■ RELAX—IT'S COMING. Farrar is rushing Tom Wolfe's *Radical Chic & The New Yellow Peril* for October ($5.50).

■ SEPTEMBER TITLES: Robert Phelps assembled autobiographical passages from Cocteau to fashion a new memoir, *Professional Secrets* (Farrar, $8.50), and Francis Steegmuller has a Cocteau biography on Little, Brown's list ($12.50). . . . Liberals, moderate to left, have a go at the dissenters in *The Radical Left: The Abuse of Discontent.* Contributors include Irving Kristol, Nathan Glazer, Irving Howe, James Q. Wilson (Houghton, $8.95). New Irwin Shaw novel is *Rich Man, Poor Man* (Delacorte, $7.95).

■ POLITICS AND PUBLISHING. Some editors from American Heritage/Horizon are moonlighting as Peace Publishing Company to provide peaceniks with the works, propagandawise. . . . Book publishing, long the most liberal of the major media, now breaking through to the far Left. Case in point: 132-year-old Bobbs-Merrill. Of 35 new adult titles in fall catalog, eighteen are apolitical, five are hard to classify, five (by such as Robert Sherrill) could be liberal or radical, and no fewer than seven (by authors like James Aronson, William Kunstler, Robin Morgan, Todd Gitlin) are openly radical. Bobbs-Merrill is a subsidiary of technical publisher Howard W. Sams of heartland Indianapolis, which is in turn a sub of ITT. Is there a stockholder in the house?

Citadel Press, until recently the fiefdom of aging Marxist Philip S. Foner, recently merged with Lyle Stuart. No change of policy is foreseen. Two fall Citadel titles, *The Negro in the South* and *Inter-Racial Problems,* carry Introductions by Communist Herbert Aptheker. Bergman Publishers, another house distributed by Stuart, includes on its fall list Blanqui's *Instructions for Insurrection* ($6.50), Bukharin's *Economics of the Transformation Period* ($12.50) and *The Complete Works of Tom Paine* (10 vols.; $125 after Oct. 21, but with a nice capitalistic pre-pub price of only $95).

■ FRODO LIVES: Producer-director John Boorman picks Ireland for filming of Tolkien's *Lord of the Rings.* Manhattan may have the fairies, but Ireland still has the elves.

THEATER

IT'S THE COMPANY THAT COUNTS

PRISCILLA L. BUCKLEY

Would you believe a successful morality play on Broadway? It's well concealed, but somewhere deep down inside, that's what *Company* is. *Company* is the Harold Prince musical that opened in May just when everyone had about given up on the 1969-1970 season and it startled the critics so that their usually crotchety typewriters took off in unaccustomed paeans of praise. It's fast, sophisticated, racy, daring, tough, glib, tinselly, but also tender, warm loving and incisive.

There's nothing new in the plot. Robert (Bobbie, Rob, Robbie, Bobby baby) is 35, the gay bachelor around town, the best friend of every couple he knows. Their problem is to get Bobby baby settled in life. Not that easy because, as we observe, they have far from ideal marriages themselves. ("It's not so hard to be married," says the deliciously over-the-hill Elaine Stritch, "I've done it three or four times").

It's done through a series of skits, visits Bobby makes to each of his campy, supersophisticated, crazy-mixed-up married friends. Through all of it, he's really asking one question. And none of them will give him the answer he wants, which is that marriage is the rose-colored cottage down at the end of the lane. Marriage is a lot of things, but not that. "Marriage," says one of the men, "may be where it's been, but it's never where it's at." What makes a marriage click? Why the little things, says Sarah, the little things you do together. It's the *"Concerts you enjoy together/Neighbors you annoy together/Children you destroy together/That keep marriage intact."* No, it's not that exactly, says Sarah's husband Harry, in a very lovely lyrical ballad, "Sorry-Grateful" in which he tries to sum it up for Robert: *"You're always sorry/You're always grateful/You're always wondering what might have been/Then she walks in,"* and concludes, *"Everything's different/Nothing's changed/Only slightly rearranged."*

When Robert dreams of the perfect girl he's waiting for, she turns out to be the composite of his friends' wives and girl friends (one couple is getting married after years of living together; another is getting a divorce, but of course they will continue to live together because what else would they do?). He wants someone "easy and loving as Susan," "skinny and blue-eyed as Amy," "tender and foolish as Sarah," *"a Susan sort of Sarah/A Jennyish-Joanne."* And he wonders if he'd recognize her if she came along.

Eventually, having observed the bloody awful, bloody wonderful relationship of his friends, Robert grows up and in the moving and evocative "Being Alive," he confesses his yearning for somebody: *"Somebody need me too much/Somebody know me too well/Somebody pull me up short/And put me through Hell/And give me support/For Being Alive. Make me alive/Make me alive. . . ."*

ALL OF WHICH is by way of preamble to why you should see *Company.* It's not because there are big, big names in the cast. Elaine Stritch is about the biggest

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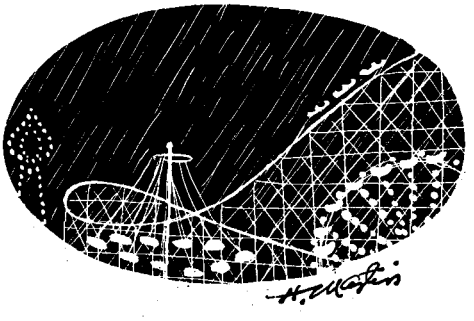
and when she's on stage, which isn't enough of the time, she's great, an Eve Ardenish Our Miss Brooks, twenty years older, tougher, gone slightly to seed in the Big City. She cracks out splendid lines with a professionalism that's good to see, easy to recognize. (At a hard-drinking discotèque party, she asks owlishly: "Is it drunk outside?" and to Robert who is gazing glassily at her, petulantly, "Stop staring at my charisma.")

Barbara Barrie as Sarah, is tremendous, a gamin comedienne of great talent; Teri Ralston's voice is superb; Donnay McKechnie does one dance that holds you spellbound; Susan Browning, as April, the stupid (but not so) airline stewardess (I'm so stupid I even bore myself) has a wide blue-eyed wicked innocence that makes one seduction scene a tower of laughter (Just say to any friend who has seen *Company*, "Where you going? Barcelona," and have your laugh-meter at the ready). But these are not real headliners, not Katherine Hepburns, Lauren Bacalls, Ethel Mermans although some of them have the potential. No, what makes *Company* supercalifragilisticexpialidocious is the music, the orchestration, the lyrics. For which we have to think Stephen Sondheim, music and lyrics, Harold Hastings, musical director, and Jonathan Turich, orchestration.



The orchestra is larger than the cast (I know. I was sitting in the front row, and I counted). It's never raucous, always rhythmic, with a sure beat that makes this the most innovative musical in many years. Talk about syncopated rhythm, *Company* has it. It's different, very, very different, and yet very like Cole Porter. The music is strictly music of the Seventies, but if Cole Porter were getting out of Yale today this is how I imagine he'd be writing.

Stephen Sondheim (who did the lyrics for *West Side Story, Gypsy, A Funny Thing*) combines the cool sophistication of Porter—to get it, you've got to be with it—with a real musical skill and particularly a feeling for the beat. He turned out a score that is not only highly hum-able, but also irresistibly toe-tappable. And Harold Prince & Co. have dressed it up with a superb orchestra, a classy cast whose voices blend to perfection and who handle the many fast patter songs with the precision of the D'Oyly Carte company. And the whole within an inspired steel and lucite set designed by Boris Aronson, on which the cast and the furniture are moved about by silent elevators and intricate sliding platforms.

I could go on, but really, you'll get much more out of it if you make your next free night in Manhattan a *Company* night. □

MOVIES

BOYS WILL BE GIRLS

FRANCIS RUSSELL

Late in 1944 I happened to be interrogating a German captain, a middle-aged man who wore the Iron Cross of the First World War and carried the Kaiser's rank of Rittmeister. He asked me if I had read *Vom Winde Verweht* (*Gone with the Wind*), and his face fell when I told him it was *kitsch-literatur*. "That wasn't the way things were?" he asked me. "No, not at all," I told him. Only afterward did I realize that I was talking about a book I had not read.

Yet from my childhood on I recall various books I have never read, that I never shall read, and nevertheless I know all anyone needs to know about them. In second grade I did not get to Laura Lee Hope's *The Bobbsey Twins on Blueberry Island*, but it persists as an island in my mind as if I had. I know what happened and why, just as I do with *Tom Swift and His Giant Cannon*—a book that might have appealed to Gore Vidal—although Laura Lee Hope's transparencies are more akin to Vidal than is Victor Appleton. *Forever Amber* and *The Valley of the Dolls* are two more books I know all about without needing to go near them.

Perhaps more pertinent to a reviewer of the film *Myra Breckinridge* is an English book of two decades back, *Roberta*, by a former racing driver, Robert Cowles, who "mysteriously changed into a woman" (with some surgical assistance). I have never read *Roberta* or *Myra Breckinridge*, but my Bobbsey Twins-developed instinct tells me that Myra follows Roberta, with a token amount of dirty wit thrown in as Myron Breckinridge becomes Myra.

Without having read the book, I knew enough to see the film, although on second thought I probably should have known enough not to. It brought to mind a 1946 British film about the RAF, *Way to the Stars*, most of which derived from a dream-sequence of an injured pilot on an operating table. Though a bit farfetched, it was a pleasantly witty film, ephemeral as is the medium and scarcely remembered today.

It has, however, been remembered by the British pop-singer posing as a director-writer, Michael Sarne, who is responsible for the film *Myra Breckinridge* and who has taken over the earlier dream-sequence (minus the wit) to explain the transmogrification of Myron to Myra. The whole thing is a fag's dream following an auto accident. I suppose Sarne imagined he was being clever in waiting until the very end to provide the dream-sequence key. But even that fails to give sense to this muddled and boringly smutty picture. Myron is desexed in an opening shot that derives somehow or other from the much too derived *Cabinet of Dr. Caligari*. Then as Myron's *altera ego* Myra, though sometimes still as himself and sometimes as both, he goes to Hollywood to an actors' school —made up mostly of queers and crazies —run by Myra's loose-dentured uncle (John Huston) to claim part of his estate. On that thread of story is strung a sequence of pornographic *longueurs* that stop far short of the true "blues" and are accompanied by the predictable amount of four-letter words and fags. I presume the black who acts as invert-in-chief at the actors' school is a symbol of Hollywood's total integration.

In what I assume is an attempt at intellectualism the occasional anti-character is introduced, a slab-bottomed primitive who denounces the new obscenity as a Communist plot against our flag, our country and mom's apple pies. If you aren't an enlightened reader of *Playboy*, if you don't appreciate what Sarne is offering you, then back to your Citizen's Council! The high point of the picture is a simulated simulated-sodomy scene with Raquel Welch—as long in the tooth as she is short in the talent—in a stars-and-stripes bikini straddling the strapped-down bare-buttocked Roger Herren, an action broken off by flashbacks to Alice Faye singing "America, I Love You."

Well, unless you just came for the

(Continues on page 909)

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BOOKS IN BRIEF

SEIZE THE TIME: THE STORY OF THE BLACK PANTHER PARTY AND HUEY P. NEWTON, *by Bobby Seale (Random House, 429 pp., $6.95).* If the National Socialists hadn't quite made it, if Germany had clamped down hard before the Nazis got too strong, if Paul Goebbels had decided to write a history of his jailed Führer and the wonderful mission of their peaceful, loving party, we'd have read *Seize the Time* forty years ago. Or something like it. Real charmers, these cats. Like Huey, who once held a door open for a "sister" and actually let a white girl behind her come in too. As Bobby says: "That's just one point to show Huey's humanism toward all other human beings." Huey and Bobby lay out the party's goals and tactics: "We fight racism with solidarity. We fight capitalism with basic socialism. We fight imperialism with proletarian internationalism." Got it straight, pig? See Bobby hustle: "I was hollering, 'Quotations from Chairman Mao Tse-tung. Get your Red Book. All you free speechers up here who lost Mario Savio must read the Red Book and do it like the Red Guards did it.'" Hear Bobby talk back: "The pig *sees* the gun. The nigger told the pigs that if they act wrong or get down wrong, I'm going to kill you. I'll defend myself. But I like this crazy nigger. I like him because he's good. He doesn't take bullshit." Meet Bobby's buddies: Charles Garry, the "Lenin of the courtroom"; Eldridge and Kathleen Cleaver (color them ludicrous); Minister of Culture Emory Douglas, et al. Groove on Bobby's insightful devil-theorism: "The Nixon-Agnew-Mitchell Administration—hand in hand with the Reagans, the Daleys, the Hoffmans, the Carswells, Rockefellers, DuPonts, the Bank of America and other exploiters—moves closer and closer to open fascism." Chuckle along with Bobby at the sister who wouldn't let the brother make her because he didn't know the Ten Point Program word for word, until wise old Bobby patiently lectured: "Some of the brothers learn slowly, you know. And they know making love a lot better than anything else." Watch Bobby and Bennett Cerf rake in the bread from white suckers who'll lap up this garbage. Lennie Bernstein will love it.

D. J. C. BRUDNOY

DOSSIER ON DOUGLAS, *by Allan C. Brownfeld (The New Majority Book Club, Inc., $3.00).* A case against Justice Douglas could be made on the basis of his absurd disengagement from rational discussion of American politics. His most recent pronouncements, however they parrot the mindless slogans of the New Left, are not those of a man grown senile, as his embarrassed friends would have it, but are entirely in character for a public figure who

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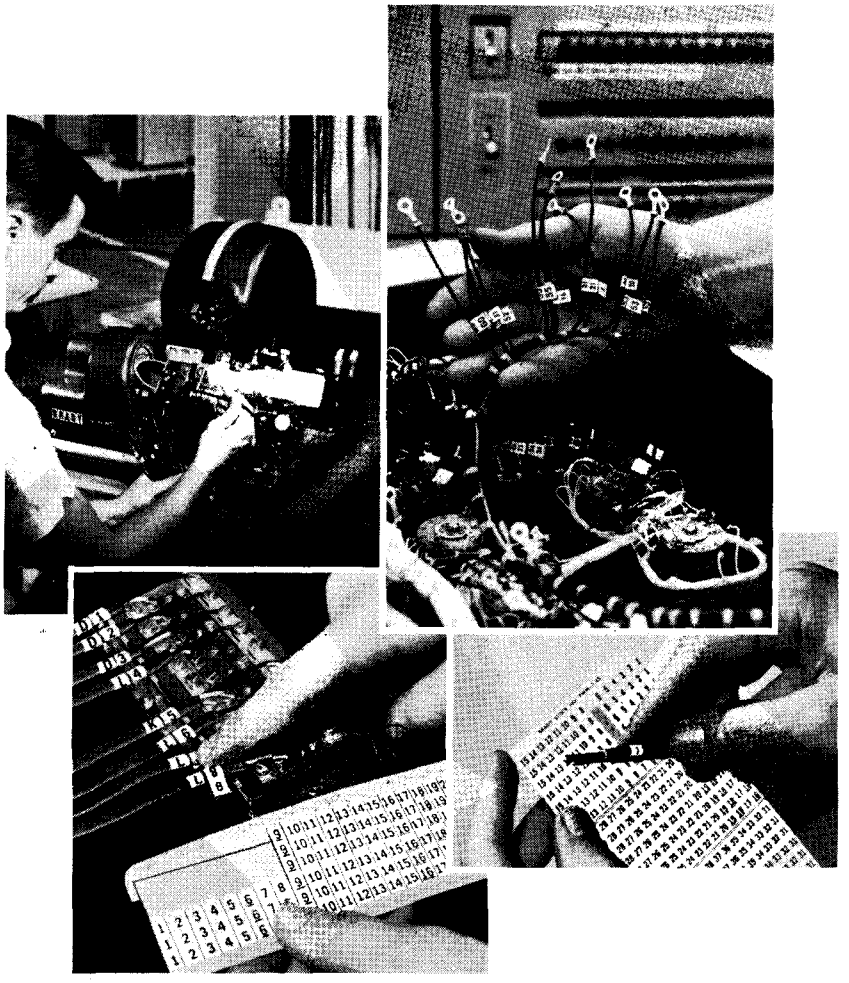

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Solution to Last Issue's Trans-O-Gram

MARK TWAIN:

Statement re Debts.

A merchant who has given up all he has may take advantage of the rules of insolvency and start free again for himself; but I cannot compromise for less than a hundred cents on the dollar, and its debt never outlaw. (interview in Vancouver, British Columbia August 16, 1895; *New York Times* following day)

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BRIEFS

(Continued from page 907)

has always catered to the leftmost partisans in vogue at the time. Other elderly liberals have traveled the same route, from radical reformers (with all the respectability of an informed elite) to revolutionary challengers of every institution they built (with respectability jettisoned in favor of brashness). Justice Douglas' progressive decline is more easily traced because his attitudes have been recorded regularly for forty years. The immedate question Brownfeld considers however, is whether a case for impeachment can be made, that is, whether, in the judgment of the House, he has met the standards of "good behavior." His connections with the Parvin Foundation, and with the Center for the Study of Democratic Institutions; his indiscretion in the Ginzburg case and in the *Evergreen* article; his personal life: all form the basis for questioning his personal judgment and behavior. And these elements in the case against Douglas will probably be the most persuasive to Congress. Not so persuasive to Congress, but more important in the coming years, is the question whether a Justice can properly be a partisan, particularly a partisan for a violent revolutionary struggle. Brownfeld poses the question, but cautions against condemning Justice Douglas for his beliefs.

R. O. WRIGHT

RUSSELL

(Continued from page 906)

ride, that's satire for you. The clip of Alice Faye is one of a number dubbed in from Twentieth Century Fox's film library. To add further satiric touches at key points there are clips of Laurel and Hardy, Peter Lorre, Gary Cooper, Ronald Colman, Marlene Dietrich and even the nude Marilyn Monroe emerging in dripping technicolor from a pool. Then for reasons I cannot fathom there are a couple of atomic explosion briefs, colored to resemble the Great Boston Fire of 1870. It's a budget way to get another thirty minutes out of an hour film that had lost any reason long before it reached its hour. I had my own grudge against that extra half hour, for those clips delayed me just long enough so that I landed in the middle of the five o'clock Southeast Expressway traffic on my way home.

The only interest that could sustain anyone through *Myra Breckinridge* is in the re-appearance of Mae West after a lapse of, I believe, 27 years, this time in celebration of her—shall we say—centenary. Whatever one may have thought of the old Peel-me-a-grape Mae, she did manage to create a Commedia dell' Arte type, a character that went beyond her temporal self to become timeless. How much of the life-jacket Mae is left? Nothing, I am sorry to say. Of course it is an extraordinary thing that a hundred-year-old woman should be able to get around at all. Mae can walk unaided. I saw her. Under the circumstances a certain amount of make-up is understandable. But what now lies beneath the nylon hair and the vinyl skin and the whistling dentures I cannot fathom. Since Mae has always been by nature a kindly soul, I like to think that underneath the plastic lies Whistler's mother.

Yes, everything said about Myra Breckinridge is true, but most of all the Russell warning: "Stay home!" Somehow in summing up what is really unsumuppable I find my mind drifting back to that Palmer Method copy book of my Edmund P. Tileston schooldays, the aphorisms like "Time and tide," etc., to be traced in laborious Spencerian ovals, while moving the elbow and without moving the fingers. What was that last page now? "Fornication is the thief of time." □

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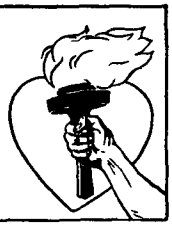

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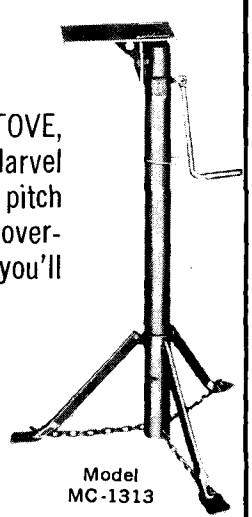

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WM. F. BUCKLEY JR.

Down Mexico Way

On The Right

Mexico City, July 28—All is especially tranquil in Mexico, a new President, Mr. Echevarria, having been elected to take office in December. The chances of Mr. Echevarria's failure to achieve office, once having been nominated by the Partido Revolucionario Institucional (PRI) to succeed the incumbent, could be compared to the chances of Prince Charles losing the throne of England to Sammy Davis Jr. Notwithstanding this, the whole nation engages in the ritual of democracy with feverish gusto, and the birds and the cactus flowers and the mountains cry out the virtues of Echevarria, so that when the great day comes and the people speak, it is to say joyously to destiny, Thy will be done.

It is very easy to make sport of the Mexican Way, and to be sure, it is not the kind of thing which would commend itself north of the border. But the political stability of Mexico is unquestionably a principal factor contributing to the national affluence. That is a relative datum, to be sure, but not unfair. The situation in most parts of Latin America deteriorates, as governments come and go. Capital is attracted to places that are at once stable and energetic. The stability of Mexico, PRI undertakes. The energy comes in part from Mexico's mouth-to-mouth economic contact with the United States, in part from the gloriously benevolent climate in the highlands surrounding Mexico City. I and the sun were at Mexico City at the same time (that is to say, the latitude of Mexico City is at this time of the year the de facto equator), and the temperature was 72 degrees.

American capital is welcomed under carefully stipulated conditions. A company desiring to set up operations in Mexico needs a license, which is granted for *X*-number of years, with the proviso that after that period, the majority of the stock in that company must go to Mexicans. There are, undoubtedly, gross violators of that law, among Americans who make phony arrangements, as among Mexicans who authorize phony arrangements. But by and large the government does not alter the terms of its contracts midway through them. This permits companies to plan the period during which they need to realize a return on their investment. The cost, to the consumer, of great economic insecurity is very great. If a company's managers do not know one day to the next whether their company will be expropriated, they will gouge the consumer in order to extract the most from him over the shortest period of time. In order to be able to do that, it requires that the competition be interdicted, and that in turn calls for corporativist relations between business and government which are dangerous to liberty, and inimical to economic growth.

In Mexico, American-founded companies have, over the generation since General Carranza scared the oil men half to death, understood the rules of the game, and played by them, to the apparent benefit of all parties. Although inflation is, as almost everywhere, a curse, the real income of the people is rising and the class of Mexican capitalists is greatly increasing. The flow of Mexican capital into Swiss banks is exiguous. Why ship money to Switzerland, when it is perfectly safe back home?

THE MEXICANS are a people both tender and tough. They are easily brought to tears, and too they are quick to take precautions to prevent that happening unnecessarily. Just before the 1968 Olympics, for instance, an explosion in the student world threatened the whole expensive proceedings, and the repressive forces of Mexican society went very quickly to work. Kent State was Disneyland compared to the University of Mexico. It is not known how many students were killed. I have never seen it put lower than 26, but I also heard the figure two hundred and sixty. In Cuernavaca, searching out an artist whose address I didn't have, I was told that the easiest thing to do would be to go and ask "Maestro Siqueiros." *David* Siqueiros? I asked? Yes. Never mind my own artist, I thought it would be interesting to converse with the man who thirty years ago stormed into Trotsky's home to kill him with an automatic rifle (he failed, and Stalin summoned a more expert killer a few weeks later). But I was surprised that Siqueiros was out of jail. In 1962 he was seized, accused of trying to foment revolution, convicted, and packed off for an eight-year sentence. He is a less ardent revolutionary today.

As I say, they don't fool around. There is a lot there that is distasteful, particularly to northern sensibilities. But I am glad that Presidents Polk and Wilson failed in their velleity to dominate Mexico. I wouldn't want to govern it, nor even to tell them how. □

IS NIXON GUILTY?

New York, Aug. 6—Pardon me, but my own feeling is that although Richard Nixon obviously should have observed protocol by reaching for another formulation, in fact his howler calls more attention to an archness built into the law, than to the now celebrated notion of the impulsive Mr. Nixon. Perhaps I feel for him in this situation a special kinship because of a difficulty I experienced about two years ago. I was writing, in this space, about Sirhan Sirhan, whom I described as the "murderer" of Robert Kennedy. Before the paper had been minutes out of my typewriter, I was called by Shearman, Sterling, Davis, Polk, Sullivan *and* Cromwell, who expressed their aghastness at what I had done.

Didn't I realize that Sirhan Sirhan had not even been tried yet? Look, I said, there were maybe two hundred people who saw Sirhan shoot Kennedy—there is no suggestion from any quarter that it was other than Sirhan who shot Kennedy. Fifty million people saw Jack Ruby shoot Lee Harvey Oswald—I went on, warming to the subject—: Would it then have been improper to refer to "Ruby, who murdered Oswald"?

Yes, they said, it would: because "murder" is a technical term. "Murder" is what A did to B only after a jury says that A did it to B. By the same token, "guilty" is a term which, apparently, only a jury can legitimate the use of, though one supposes that St. Peter draws his own conclusions. If I were to lean out of my widow at this very moment, and espy Farmer Jones tiptoe over to Mrs. Jones, hit her over the head with a spade, tie a rock around her neck, and toss her

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into the lake—I may not say that Farmer Jones "murdered" Mrs. Jones. But since I know in fact that he did—know far more surely than any jury could ever know, since my witness was at first hand, theirs at best a deduction from the testimony of credible witnesses—every time I refer to Farmer Jones in the legally correct way, I am accepting an artificial harness upon the truth that I know.

Now, Nixon was not there when Sharon Tate was murdered, and it is true that the defense has pleaded "Not Guilty." So did Sirhan's attorneys plead "Not Guilty," though they decided not to attempt to prove that the bullet that killed Senator Kennedy was propelled other than through the barrel of the gun whose trigger Sirhan pulled. What the Manson defense is up to ultimately, it is too early to tell. It is reasonable to suppose that the burden of its case will be to show that the word "murder" does not closely enough fit the relationship between Manson and the victims.

SO MUCH FOR THAT. Now, the larger point of Mr. Nixon's untrammeled remark has, I fear, been missed by many of the commentators. The President said that he had been to see the movie *Chisum*, with John Wayne. I mean, with Tricia: John Wayne is *in* the movie. And, the President ruminated, the Western movie continues to be popular because the good guys win and the bad guys lose. Now Mr. Robert Semple of the *New York Times*, who travels with Mr. Nixon in order to find fault with him, obviously hasn't seen the movie *Chisum*, because nowhere in his analysis of the episode does he discuss the fact that what is notable about *Chisum* is that the good guys win and the bad guys lose, *because* the good guys take the law into their own hands. In *Chisum*, law and order did break down, and the choice was to go along with the crooked sheriff and the bad governor or, in the immortal words of John Wayne, "to handle this thing th' way I used ter handle it 25 years ago."

Isn't this, really, what we should all be talking about? The law's delays, that so aggravated Hamlet? It took much much longer before the killer of Robert Kennedy was brought to trial, than it did for the killer of William McKinley to be arrested, tried and executed. The scope that is given to the defense, the contempt shown the judicial process, is significantly greater than the lapse, by a President, from the punctilios imposed however justifiably, by the law. What Mr. Nixon intuits is that the good guys of America, only a hundred years after they did that kind of thing routinely when the West was won, might, in desperation begin to believe that in order to effect justice, they're going to have to go back and do it the way they used ter handle it one hundred years ago. □

POLITICS IN TEXAS

Austin, Texas, July 30—There is considerable indignation among Texas Republicans over an extensive attack upon their party leaders by the Ripon Society. The Ripon Society is an organization of Eastern seaboard liberals devoted to erasing such distinctions as survive between the Republican and the Democratic parties. If you ask a Riponite what the difference is between the Democratic approach and the Republican approach you will hear such talk as only Jacob Javits could improve upon, about using business creatively, that sort of thing. In fact the heroes of the Ripon Society, for instance John Lindsay, belong on the far left of the political spectrum in American politics. The recent report of the Society analyzes state by state the Republican situation in the South. About Texas the editors say that to be sure it is a complex state but that "the conclusion is inescapable that the provincialism, snobbery, pettiness and outright stupidity of the state party organization have forfeited for many years a shining opportunity for Republican growth." This came as rather a surprise to party officials.

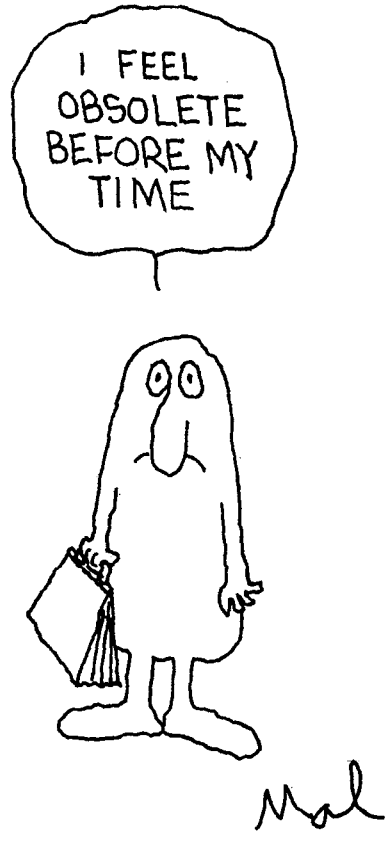
They elected a Republican Senator John Tower ten years ago and re-elected him in 1966. They have three Republican congressmen. Their candidate for governor this year, Paul Eggers, ran extremely well against the incumbent last time around and has a good chance to win this year. And they are running for the Senate, George Bush, the only one of the young generation of Republicans who, in the opinion of the Republican National Chairman, Rogers Morton, could go "all the way to the top."

Now of all the senators who are up for re-election this year only one failed in renomination—Ralph Yarborough of Texas an undeviated liberal. Senator Yarborough's retirement would appear to have been a joint act of mercy executed by conservative Texas Democrats and Republicans because under the procedures here anyone can vote in any single primary at the cost only of excluding himself from participation in the other primary.

It is not known how many Republican regulars crossed over to vote against Yarborough but the result, although it was a bird in the bush, left Texas Republican conservatives with an uneasy situation because the Democratic winner, Mr. Lloyd Bentsen, is going around the state saying things like "what this country needs is thrift." In other words the Democrat is making a straightforward appeal for the conservative vote. The fear is that many voters will do the reverse of what was done in the case of John Tower. He was the beneficiary of disgruntled Democrats who (as one of them once put it) "preferred to be represented by a Republican reactionary than a Democratic conservative." By such reasoning reactionary Republicans might, or so the talk goes, prefer a conservative Democrat over a moderate Republican.

On the other hand, Bush has going for him formidable assets. He is strikingly attractive, genuinely talented on the platform and in the ways of the world. He would have made it to the Senate in 1964 except for the Johnson landslide. He served in the House of Representatives with distinction; he has that special quality which often appeals over the conventional coordinates of political power relationship and stratagems, so that it is altogether possible that the state whose Republican organization the Massachusetts Riponites condemn will find itself a few months hence having managed for Texas one Republican governor and two Republican senators. That isn't bad for an overwhelmingly Democratic state whose political attachments reach back to Reconstruction days. □

(Washington Star Syndicate, Inc.)



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Trans-O-Gram

By SVEND PETERSEN

DEFINITIONS

A. One who does or can testify to something heard by himself — 8 31 42 121 125 130 167 184 13 36

B. An attitude of mind — 78 12 23 181 93 111 144 173 182

C. Unscramble DATES ONCE — 83 6 152 69 56 137 164 171 16

D. What Lear wrote a lot of — 98 57 118 17 76 188 129 148

E. This does it — 114 94 91 48

F. A certain type of speech impediment (our queer old dean) — 126 135 149 44 58 65 75 100 106 119

G. Settles by judicial decree — 143 11 33 97 105 122 68 72 95 141 154

H. An American general — 153 24 82 20 2 103 108

I. Words that are difficult to articulate (Shall he sell sea shells?) — 1 34 38 88 92 5 21 45 50 53 66 71 80 85

J. "Clean the kitchen!" said the waitress — 155 107 138 151

K. An American clergyman (1703-1758) — 158 145 7 176 99 174 109

L. A father of three monarchs — 183 10 19 28 35 73 113 124 133 139 157 22 90 147

M. Serving some purpose — 74 101 52 123 128 32

N. An example of misuse of words in a ridiculous manner — 115 27 110 163 63 70 134 162 169 175 179

O. Drift carried from a glacier and deposited beyond the marginal moraine — 3 15 30 49 54 61 86

P. Conversation full of quick, witty replies — 168 89 136 186 9 112 59 77

Q. Long wanderings — 180 39 120 160 165 79 84 46

R. The navigable parts of rivers and bays; parts of golf courses — 51 172 60 117 187 37 81 40

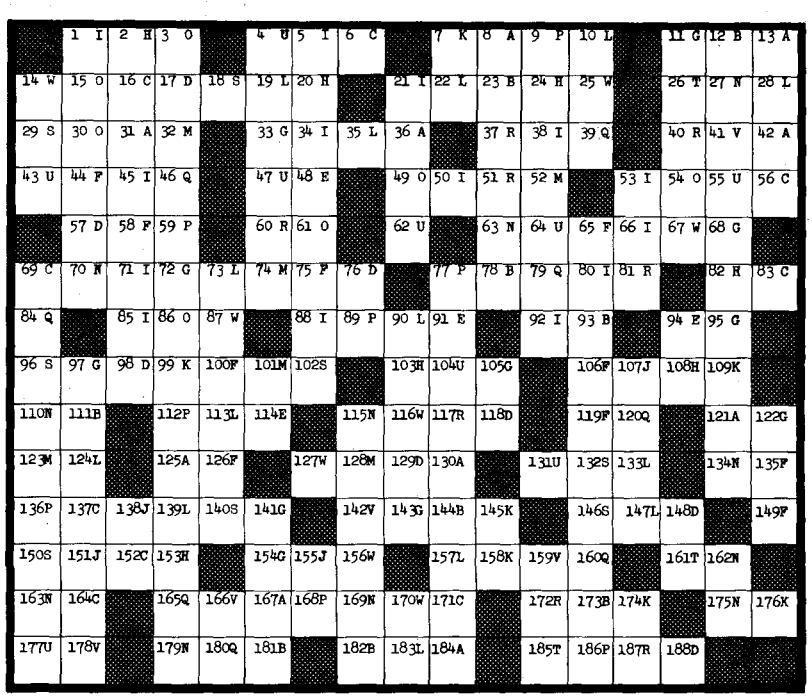
S. An ancient people of Asia Minor and Syria — 132 18 140 146 29 150 102 96

T. A port on the Danube — 161 185 26

U. A type of vine — 4 62 131 43 55 47 64 104 177

V. Kicks out — 41 166 142 159 178

W. Takes delight in — 25 87 127 116 67 14 156 170



DIRECTIONS

The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill out the puzzle diagram by guessing the WORDS (above) from their DEFINITIONS, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled out it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, blank boxes indicating the ends of words); also, when the WORDS have all been filled in above, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution. Spelling and definitions on the authority of *Webster's New International Dictionary*, Second Edition.

See page 908 for solution of last Trans-O-Gram

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ON THE GOLDWATER CAMPAIGN:

"In those days American conservatives, dreaming of the glorious possibility of a Goldwater victory, envisioned the scene on the Capitol steps during the Inauguration ceremony. 'Do you,' says Supreme Court Justice Earl Warren, addressing President-elect Barry Goldwater, 'solemnly swear to defend the Constitution of the United States?' Answers President Goldwater: 'I do. You're under arrest, Warren.'"

QUOTATIONS FROM CHAIRMAN BILL
The Best of Wm. F. Buckley, Jr.

Compiled by David Franke. 880 delicious quotes arranged by topic, including some 300 from unsigned National Review editorials never before attributed to Buckley.

A sampling of the topics and quotes in this bonanza (including 19 karate chops at Lindsay, 16 at LBJ, 7 at Arthur Schlesinger, 6 at Javits)...

Education
College graduates favor Nixon over Humphrey 46-39, which is the best thing anybody has recently remarked about the values of a college education. On the other hand, alumni of graduate schools favor Humphrey over Nixon 41-29, which confirms the worst suspicions we harbor about over-education.

Catholic Church
The crisis of the Catholic church is much written about. *Look* Magazine celebrates it every couple of issues, and its editors have even volunteered to rewrite the Apostles' Creed, reaching a new high in reader service.

Complaining
I profoundly believe it takes a lot of practice to become a moral slob, and that if there is anything the American people are diligently engaged in acquiring, it is that skill, that indifference to things minor which carries over to things major. We simply don't compain about little things; and so a part of our nervous system becomes inert—the part which should be tingling and on edge if we are to escape totalitarianization by those who exercise great power...Start with the little things. Don't become a grouch. But don't let them push you around. If absolutely necessary, refuse to fasten your seat belt.

Adam Clayton Powell, Jr.
The relationship between corruption and Adam Clayton Powell, Jr. would appear to be something like the relationship between typhoid and Typhoid Mary.

Mayor John Lindsay
Mr. (Charles) McWhorter is a longtime enthusiast for John Lindsay—they were young Republicans together back when the destruction of New York City was only a gleam in Lindsay's eye.

And more, *more*, MORE...

Arthur Goldberg
Jimmy Breslin
Academic Cranks
Norman Mailer
Henry Luce
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Pablo Casals
Jack Paar
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Joseph R. McCarthy
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The Minimum Wage
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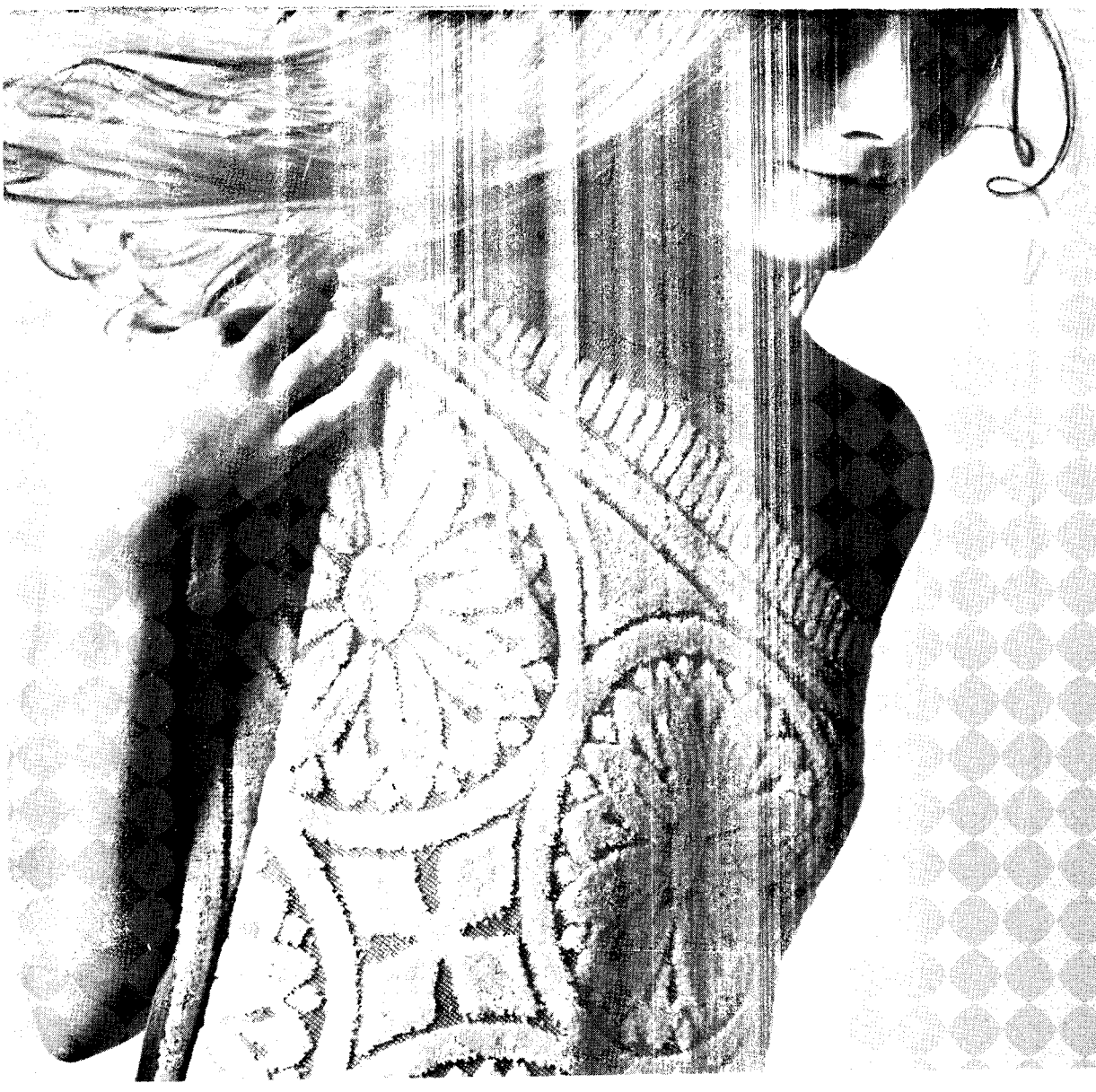

Callaway towels by Milliken... couturier fashions for your bath.

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